

MODICAL

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# CORONET

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DETROIT

This Land  
of Ours

Let's Write  
etter Letters

and Digestion  
for Life

he Coronet  
Gallery of  
er Photographs

ther Features

JANUARY, 1940

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

IN GREAT BRITAIN 1/6



## CORONET

for  
JANUARY  
1940

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## THIS LAND OF OURS

**YOU DON'T NEED RED-WHITE-AND-BLUE GLASSES  
TO STRIKE A TRIAL BALANCE FAVORING AMERICA**



**Y**OU CAN project your mind into some nearer region of the solar system and, looking at the United States, conclude that it is only a part of one-fourth of the Earth's habitable surface, differing little from the rest. Or, after an imaginary round-trip through the historical past, you can deliver an armchair verdict against this country, as merely another of those slow waves that subside into the stream of history and thereafter are studied as extinct civilizations.

These long-range views have their speculative interest. But in the comfortable study of your well-heated house on solid ground you are in an actual, not a theoretical situation. And, from that vantage-point, you don't have to look at the United States through red-white-and-blue glasses to see that you could be worse off than you are—even though an estimated one-third of your fellow-citizens could be a lot better off

without ever meriting your envy.

Try looking, in this immediate here and now, at most of the inhabited globe through rose-colored spectacles. Even remembering 1931's "Hoovervilles" and 1938's "Okies" and "Arkies," you are likely to remove those cheaters and promptly congratulate yourself that you have your comparatively well-off and unendangered being in these States.

This is not chauvinism. It is not the missionary and imperialist urge of your spread-eagle patriot. Despite the bumps and craters in the high-speed surface of American life; despite the lack of adequate road-maps, the knock in the motor, the frequent blow-outs, and the hungry and ill-clad family shivering in the back seat, it is demonstrable common sense.

In a world governed largely by careerists who range from treasury-looting "liberators" to egomaniacs on the make or by timid and indecisive old maids who can't see

the realities beyond their privileged top hats, the United States would seem to be the one formidable nation left in which democracy both tends to assert itself and has some prospective chance of continuing to do so. (This with the reservation of a hesitant bow in the direction of France.)

The "formidable" is intended to place a necessary limit to the grounds of comparison—and to the patriotic complacency that too often makes American confidence little more than a shallow snobbery of know-nothingism. A major "power," we are formidable, in a military and a diplomatic sense, as Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Switzerland, for example, are not. A limited scale of population, resources and industry does not oblige us, as it does them, to fear other powers. These countries, whose peoples and governments are as democratic as ours, if not more so (Switzerland has the purest political democracy extant), are not as well equipped as we are to defend themselves against purposeful interference. Nor are they remote enough from existing centers of European disturbance to be safe from physical attack or the pressure of dictator ideologies and conspiracies.

Generalizing about the United

States is dangerous: the American scene is full of pitfalls for the unwary observer. Actual democracy is certainly not as general nor as inevitable in these States as we like to assume. It tends to come to the surface here in more areas of daily life, but we are only relatively more in the habit of it than are, say, France and England.

We, too, have our top-hat gentry—among whom the old maids are outnumbered by shirt-sleeve descendants to whom a timely exploitation of natural resources and pioneer circumstances has bequeathed a supremacy overtly exemplified in Sunday frock-coats and orotund public statements, covertly expressed by such undemocratic institutions as private police forces, industrial espionage and subsurface political controls. Our homespun aristocracy, in turn, are fewer than the graduate gangsters who, often under aristocratic direction, manipulate democratic political processes with all the farsightedness and public concern of a one-eyed king wearing a folded banknote for a monocle over his good eye.

Nor has the United States been neglected by enthusiasts for ideologies, domestic and imported. Spokesmen and conspirators for the profitable Right as well as the



ragged Left have attempted, at various times, to persuade, trick, buy or browbeat us into exchanging our democratic rights and privileges for a plutocratic hierarchy or a dictatorial whip. Manipulators of muddleheadedness have sought to gain place and power for themselves by exploiting such crackpot notions as "Every man a king" and "Thirty dollars every Thursday." Other attempts will be made: the late Huey Long's career is not forgotten, and Father Coughlin is a present menace. Individual greed and power-urges can be expected to seek satisfaction at the expense of those democratic principles of "Live and let live" and "Liberty under law" that in the long run are inimical to selfish advancement. But despite ancient Rome and modern Europe, it appears probable that any such exchange can still be prevented without too serious difficulty.

Democracy submits itself to continual revision, keeping to its central motive: the conduct of the State on man's behalf, not domination of man by the State. Persistence of the aristocratic tradition in England has prevented a more than superficial triumph of the democratic principle in politics as in society. France, with livelier democratic convictions, has yet

labored under an unreliable representative system, active political nepotism, a continually purchased press, a snobbery of decaying *Faubourgs St. Germain*. The Royalist party's existence indicates, more than tolerance, a lingering reluctance to give up the romantic aristocracy of Versailles, the salons, D'Artagnan, the châteaux of the Loire, the slowly expiring charm of medievalism.

There is more effectual democracy in the United States. Here is a Bill of Particulars:

1. Freedom of speech, press, assembly: Too accepted in common consent for comment, outside necessary reservations. Civil rights are frequently interfered with by local, occasionally by federal, officials. But even with exceptions in practice, speech, press, assembly are freer here than in any but the smaller democracies—where they begin to give way before war. If an American wants to deliver a lecture, publish an article, attend a meeting, he doesn't have to ask official permission. The new rise of public forums is at once an expression of democracy and an incentive to its practice.

2. Self-criticism: An amazing power of public opinion, an incessant volume of self-criticism, exist in the United States. Local,

State, national elections have been won repeatedly in face of the concerted opposition of the newspapers. The past twenty years have produced a flood of inquiries, assessments, indictments bearing upon American conditions, in which it is difficult to find the scattered items of praise. One could ask no better indication that Americans are wide awake, jealous of their liberties, concerned about their common welfare. In few other countries today would the tide of recrimination be "tolerated."

3. Class distinctions: Discrimination on the British model exists sporadically; but class objection, mainly economic in origin and effect, can be overcome here as it can't be in England. We don't sneer at a Keats as a "hostler's son," at an H. G. Wells as a "counter-jumper"; we take our Dreisers and Andersons to our bosoms, overpraise their work in an excess of democratic admiration. Racial feeling makes itself felt; but Negroes, Jews, immigrants have risen to high places in our society. The aristocratic term "gentleman" has largely given place to the democratic word "man" ("workingman," "businessman"). Despite some social imitation of British snobbery,

American servants are not infrequently of their employers' own class.

4. Woman suffrage: The World War, which brought women the right to vote, freed them of other restraints. American women enjoy a social, economical, political, moral equality with men not extensively matched elsewhere. Feminine influence in literature, art, manners, morals, sociology is now joining an increased masculine awareness, producing a new sensitiveness and energy, mutually fruitful, democratic in direction, peculiarly American.

5. Youth: Young people receive a consideration here not evident in Europe. The old patriarchal family has declined; parental authority is close to zero on the Puritan thermometer. The new emphasis on coached individuality instead of juvenile "Yes, sirs" is producing young people who think and act for themselves, are indisposed to accept propagandas for government by bullies.

6. Co-operation: In Europe twenty-seven or so conflicting nations face one another across frontiers bristling with tariff and passport restrictions or implements of war and armies on the march. They suspect and plot against one another behind bar-

riers of divergent languages, opposed traditions, mutually exclusive ways of thinking and acting. The United States is a practically coherent group of forty-eight sovereign States bound into one federal Union, similar in diversity, tolerant despite sectional differences and local prejudices. Democracy is practiced, in its degree, under a continual demand for compromise, adjustment, co-operation.

7. Paternalism: Organized paternalism as it exists in Europe, the brutal paternalism of the dictators or the gentlemanly indulgence of the dole-dealers does not exist in the United States, except for our more socially backward industries: our Harlan Counties and our feudal company towns. There is much bureaucracy in American administration, but little paternalism.

8. Organizations: America has been called a paradise of bourgeois business and professional associations, fraternal orders, women's clubs. Despite some truth in the Menckonian objection, these organizations increase the practice of democracy, bringing together members from different economic levels, of different social and cultural attainments, who meet in an atmosphere of friendli-

ness. Such organizations can be more democratic in effect than our political conventions.

9. Instruments: Americans love tools, have a pioneer passion for working with their hands, "fixing things." The tool in the hand has had some effect in inducing a habit of objective thought: the American thinks in the practical terms of things for use.

10. Various: In a final grouping, here are further American democratic traits, chosen at random: 1. Opportunities for self-improvement in universal free education, from kindergartens to State universities; 2. Wide distribution of free public libraries and museums of art and science; 3. Rapid draining off of second-generation foreigners into the specifically American populace; 4. The persistent hold of the American Dream on an overwhelming majority, despite disillusionment and widespread destitution; 5. A pervading respect for human personality: "He's as good as you are!" 6. Despite the costs of medical care, a greater availability of hospitals in most parts of the country than one will find in European nations, an increasing number of low-cost medical and surgical clinics and hospitalization plans on a basis of time-payments.

The account must close, as it opened, with the admission that a Bill of Exceptions should parallel this Bill of Particulars. If we have not in America the dead weight of tradition or the live weight of class objection; if Americans are not subject to the political and social suppressions of even the larger European democracies, these admirable conditions do not exist for large numbers of people. Though we seem to have no class born to advantage or hereditary authority, we must remain alert to the constant danger of developing one. Semi-feudal restraints, contradicting the letter and the spirit of our democratic charter, are to be found in police stations and city halls, in factories and on farms, in company towns, in many county and state institutions.

What we need, to be sure, is a livelier concern about our course. We are not going to preserve and (more important) extend democracy in America by being the pot that calls all the other kettles black. There are useful statements in the Bible about the inside of the cup, and about houses that are built without hands.

We have more democracy than most other countries; but we haven't enough to go around, as many children and adults could testify. Until we stop being content to dream the American Dream, and make the democracy it envisages available to everyone on decently manageable terms, the love of many Americans for America will still be that "sorrowful love" of which Thomas Mann has written.—WILLIAM STEPHENS

### WHO'S LOONY NOW?

ONCE there was a man who said: "I have devised a scheme that will completely do away with all submarine disasters."

"It can't be," they objected. "Too many people have tried unsuccessfully."

"I will guarantee," said the man, "that if my plan is adopted, not a single life will ever be lost inside a submarine."

"O. K.," they said, "but how many

billions will it cost? Money these days does not grow on trees."

"The best feature of my plan," he retorted, "is that it will not cost a single, solitary cent."

"Incredible," they objected. "But anyhow, what is your plan?"

And he said: "Don't build submarines."

They put him in the asylum because anybody could see that he was obviously crazy. —TRACY PERKINS

## A PASSAGE TO GENEVA

THE TRAIN RACED ON, CARRYING TWO SECRET SERVICE MEN AND THEIR BIRD IN THE HAND



THE Blue Train rattled toward the Swiss border. In a compartment sat three men. The first, face harrowed by distress, was neatly dressed in a suit which seemed dull in contrast with the resplendent Italian military uniforms of the two men seated opposite him.

As the train crossed the frontier it screeched to a stop. Customs officers came aboard.

"Your passports, gentlemen?"

One of the men pulled three documents from his pocket, and handed them to the official.

"Military police, eh? And the other gentleman?"

"He will be returning with us, tonight," replied one of the police.

"Yes." The customs officer slid the compartment door shut behind him, and continued down the passage.

The train moved on. The persistent silence seemed to annoy one of the police. He addressed the older man in an insolent tone.

"Thought you were very clever, didn't you? Well, we know everything about you—except one thing. Where are your wife and daughter?"

"I don't know. They . . . they just left me. That's all." He paused. "They were afraid I'd be caught sending my money away. And they didn't want to be caught too."

The guard cursed. "I wonder what the court will say to that when we get back." He mimicked a prosecuting attorney: "Here he is, gentlemen, a man who sells all his property. He tells nobody. He thinks no one knows."

The guard laughed. He was enjoying the burlesque.

"But, gentlemen, there is one who knows. For he, or she, has sent us an anonymous note. Let me read it.

"It is addressed to the Secret Police. It says: 'This is to tell you that Alon Cordi, of Parthena Street, Rome, is planning to skip

across the border. He has already smuggled his wife and daughter across the border. He has converted all he owns into cash, and sent it to a Swiss bank, in Geneva I think. Cordi is wealthy, and the money he brought with him when he returned from America four years ago, would be a great loss to the State.' The note is signed, 'A Patriot.'"

Cordi looked out of the window. His expression remained unchanged. The guard continued:

"And then the Secret Police went on the case. But not content with just arresting Cordi they were determined to get the money back."

The guard paused: "By the way, Cordi, you have not told us to what bank you sent the money."

"I will tell you when we arrive in Geneva."

The three men entered the Bernes Bank, in Geneva. They approached the manager's office.

The manager of the bank rose to greet them: "How do you do, gentlemen. Please be seated."

"We would like to know if a man named Alon Cordi has an account with you."

The manager rang for a clerk, who returned shortly to whisper to the manager.

The latter turned to the police:

"I'm sorry, gentlemen, but no person of that name has an account here."

"Just a moment," it was Cordi who interrupted. But now he was smiling, and he looked ten years younger.

"Until this moment," he said, "I had no account here. But now"—pulling a leather money bag from inside his shirt—"I am opening an account."

He passed the money across to the bank manager. "Will you accept this as a deposit?"

"Yes, Mr. Cordi."

The two guards, watching the proceedings, were struck dumb with surprise and anger. Finally one of them found words.

"You can't do this, Cordi. You may have fooled us into escorting you across the border. But you can't stay in Switzerland without a passport."

"I have one." He pulled it from his money bag. "I lost my American citizenship while in Italy, because I was born there. But now I am in another country, thank God, I am again an American citizen."

"Wait until I get whoever sent that anonymous note," the guard exploded.

Cordi laughed: "I sent it myself." —LLOYD MCCAUGHEY



# GOOD DIGESTION FOR LIFE

*YOUR KNIFE AND FORK MAKE A MORE DANGEROUS  
INTERSECTION THAN ANY RAILROAD CROSSING*



**B**EAUTIFULLY and delicately adjusted, with intricate nervous systems and instantaneous brain controls, the human body is at the same time the most durable of all living structures; and yet in the care of the wonderful temple in which his spirit dwells, man is perhaps the least successful of all living things. Between bouts of more serious illnesses, the life of the average person is one long round of stomach upsets, headaches, and sniffles. In much too short a time, the human eye has to be reinforced with glasses, the teeth decay, the hair recedes, and the slender contours of youth change to ungainly protuberances and tell-tale hollows.

More than any other factor, this is due to the fact that we have not shown much common sense in what we use to stoke the boiler room of the human frame, the stomach. Man, most unfortunately, is a creature of weakly restrained appetites and impulses,

with an errant fancy for strange foods and an inclination to let himself go in a big way in the consumption of anything he particularly likes, even though it is usually the one item of food calculated to do him the greatest inward harm.

The all-important stomach, in fact, is the most shabbily treated part of the human body. Man is not only the most promiscuous of eaters but the only living thing to depart from the two perfect drinks nature has provided, milk and water. His drinking habits run to nauseous fermentations and acid poisons which are strong enough to throw the whole body into stupors, to ossify the digestive tract and to eat away the linings of the human craw. Endowed with brains, we show less sense and discrimination than animals which have only instinct to guide them. But even animals lose their hair-trigger fitness when subjected to the pernicious processes of domestication and become dropsical

and wheezy in imitation of their masters.

Excessive overeating was the rule up to comparatively recent times. Life was one long gorge. At least three times a day the stomach would be loaded to the gunwale with great quantities of meat and artery-clogging starches, with rich foods prepared in grease and deep fats, the whole mixed and floated with incredible quantities of coffee, tea, beer and hard drinks. Galen was not exaggerating when he said that more are killed by gluttony than the sword. He might even have gone further and said that over-indulgence in food claims more victims than jay-walking at street corners or neglecting to pause at railroad crossings.

Those were the days when all men achieved in time what was tolerantly termed aldermanic girth, and their wives tried to conceal their amplitude of hip and waist by strapping themselves in with whalebone stays. Statistics show that in the gay nineties the consumption of proteins ran over one hundred grains a day as against the forty-four that health standards have fixed as a top figure. The consumption of sugar had risen from the fifteen pounds yearly of colonial days to 115

pounds a person. It has now slipped back to one hundred pounds which is twice as much as the more frugal, and sensible, average of European countries.

It was inevitable that a reaction would set in to this sort of thing. People became the victims of all kinds of food fads. It began with Fletcherizing, which threatened at one time to turn the human race into cud-chewers. Then came the violent period when Sylvester Graham preached the virtues of roughage and set his followers so bitterly against white bread that bakers' shops were burned during riots in the city of Boston. Strange food doctrines were preached, and believed: that chlorinated water caused sterility; that we would live practically forever if we drank acidophilous milk or the klabber of Bulgaria; that it was harmful to eat any breakfast; that we should subsist on grass, on nuts, on sauerkraut juice; that white bread caused cancer because savages never had white bread and never died of cancer (they die before the age when cancer becomes a danger); that surgical removal of the entire large intestine would prevent bowel troubles; that food cooked in aluminum dishes caused mysterious havoc in the human system.

Then the urge for the slenderized outline took possession of women, and the silly season of diets was on us. All manner of absurd and devastating systems became popular. People began to subsist on orange juice, toast and spinach. They became the willing victims of dietary atrocities, and mortified the flesh with food purges. They listened to faddists and quacks who sold them pernicious drugs and body-debilitating potions. Stomachs shriveled up like overripe grapes, and acidosis conditions played havoc with ill-nourished bodies. Even in the days of seven-course dinners, when a meal-sack outline was the badge of middle age, the human stomach had never taken such a beating as this.

But there is no excuse any more for this kind of folly. Medical research has established a solid basis of truth about foods and their uses. The constituent parts of a well-balanced diet have been worked out to the last calorie. Sensible and easy methods of reducing have been found for those who are overweight. The right kind of food is known for sufferers from every disease. In fact, there is no longer any valid excuse for people to remain in ignorance as to what they should and should not eat.

Food energy is calculated in terms of calories. Men who do heavy physical work will burn up at least 4,000 calories a day and must, therefore, eat enough food to supply that deficiency. A moderate worker will consume from 3,000 to 3,500, a desk worker not more than 2,700. It is the consumption of more food than is needed to replace the daily waste which causes overweight and clogs the system with poisons which lead inevitably to some form of disease.

A well-balanced diet, however, must do more than supply the energy for daily replenishments. It must furnish also what the body needs in the way of inorganic mineral elements; which is quite considerable, one expert having figured it out that the healthy body must contain enough iron to make five carpet tacks and sufficient phosphorus for 8,000 small boxes of matches. It must supply all the various kinds of vitamins and it must serve to maintain the neutrality of the body, in other words keep each organ and gland in right proportion to the others. In order to do all this, the balanced diet must not contain less than 12 per cent of milk (the only food which approaches perfection), 15 per cent vegetables

and citrus foods, 15 per cent eggs, cheese and other albuminous substances; and never more than 10 per cent of sugar.

As the needs of individuals differ widely according to sex, age, weight and nature of occupation, the safe procedure is to have medical tests at regular intervals to fix what your daily consumption may be and from that to arrive at your proper allotment of food. Your doctor can supply you with charts which show the calories contained in every known variety of human food, and from these you can work out a balanced scheme to assure yourself of the needed amount of proteins (which provide for growth), carbohydrates (the sugars and starches which supply energy), and the fats which are concentrated energy, as well as a selection of the foods which supply the much needed vitamins A, B, C, D, E and G. Vitamins, by the way, are chiefly known for what their lack causes. Lack of B will stunt the growth, a shortage of C will bring about damage to the teeth and weaknesses in the bony structure. Sterility would result from a lack of Vitamin E but wily old Mother Nature has carefully seen to it that Vitamin E is found in almost every known variety of food.

Hearty eaters with a weakness for butter, a habit of sloshing thick cream over things, and a happy tendency to pin back the ears for action when the dessert comes on the table, will not find a balanced diet easy to follow at first. A horrified study of the charts will reveal the fact that one medium sized slice of chocolate layer cake, for instance, contains 205 calories. A man-sized cut of beefsteak, with a rich embellishment of fat, a giant potato, a mess of fried onions—well, that sort of thing exhausts your daily calorie balance so fast that you find yourself eating in the red in no time at all.

An important factor is the amount of water consumed. The body, which is 70 per cent fluid, can survive for forty or fifty days without food but cannot go more than five days without water. A healthy and normal person needs a minimum of six glasses a day in addition to that contained in foods.

People who stick soberly and sensibly to a well-balanced diet, never consuming more than the total of calories that the tests show to be necessary, except, say, on Christmas and gala occasions, will live in health and comfort all their days. Their bodies will function normally and they will build

up so stout a resistance that disease germs will batter fruitlessly for admittance to their robust tissues. Infectious diseases, which take hold so readily in systems clogged by injudicious eating or vitiated by undernourishment, will have no terrors for them at all.

Strict dieting is necessary only for those who are very much overweight, and under no circumstances is it wise to get rid of excess tonnage rapidly. In that lies the weakness of practically all the special reducing diets which have come into vogue. One eighteen-day diet, which provided no more than 600 to 700 calories a day, was deficient in every element which makes up the perfect food selection. Another, which limited the dietee to bananas and skimmed milk, provided from 700 to 1,000, which again was not enough for anyone older than one year. And it was so completely lacking in food balance that constipation was likely to result. To diet as rigorously as this is not only weakening to the system but hard on the nerves.

The primary rule when setting about this painful business of reducing is to go slowly. Health can be seriously and permanently impaired by the Get-Thin-Quick craze, the urge to regain the slen-

der outlines of youth in one hectic bout of abstinence. It is always wise to consult your doctor first and to have physical examinations at regular intervals while the reducing is in progress, to make sure that the system is coming to no harm.

The first step is to find out how much energy you dissipate in the course of a day and to arrange an eating regimen which will provide a little less than you need for replacement. The system will have to make up the difference by drawing on the excess stores the body has been carrying. Slowly at first, but then steadily and unflinchingly, the weight will begin to drop. The best authorities agree that 500 calories is the maximum amount which should be subtracted from the normal requirements, and that it is much wiser to cut that in two. When you take the slow route, you must reconcile yourself to a long period of partial deprivation. But you can then be sure of one thing; you are not rectifying your silhouette at the expense of your health.

It is never necessary to adopt a more Spartan regimen than the following:

Breakfast: Half an orange or glass of fruit juice, two eggs, one slice of dry toast buttered frugally,

one cup of coffee unsweetened or with saccharine.

Lunch: one slice of lean meat, one vegetable, preferably string beans or peas, one-half head of lettuce with plain dressing, one slice of dry toast.

Dinner: Clear soup, two slices of lean meat, preferably beef or lamb, two vegetables, one green, one-half head of lettuce, fruit, coffee or tea without sugar, one slice of buttered toast.

Not Lucullan fare but certainly not a difficult diet to follow by any means. Stick to it patiently and in no time at all you will find that you are sloughing off your excess weight at a rate of two or three pounds a month, and feeling much better as a result. That rate of diminution should bring you to your weight objective in a reasonable period.

Modern practice recognizes that no two cases, or no two stomachs, are exactly alike, and that it is impossible to lay down hard and fast

rules for universal application. A great deal of latitude can be allowed if the proper balance is maintained and the calorie quota is not exceeded. It does not matter much if you use up your allowance of sugar in discreet sweetening of your coffee and in frugal use here and there, or in one grand orgy on the appearance of the dessert at dinner.

Many authorities believe that the span of human life will lengthen when people begin to observe a balanced diet from the cradle to the grave. The more conservative figure in terms of five to ten years, while some daring spirits talk of one hundred years as the allotted span in the Promised Land of New Health. This much *can* be said, however, without any fear of contradiction: Strict adherence to sensible diet rules will banish much of the sickness from the world and assure mankind of an easier and more fruitful existence. —THOMAS B. COSTAIN

### INDUCED PASSION

SARAH BERNHARDT in her declining years lived in an apartment which was five stories above the Paris streets. She was visited one evening by an old friend who entered her rooms out of breath from the long climb. "Mon

Dieu," he exclaimed breathlessly, "why must you live so high up?"

"Alas," replied the brilliant Bernhardt, "it is the only way that I can still agitate the hearts of men."

—ALBERT BRANDT



## SO SAYS THE LAW

### *Things Blackstone Never Knew*

FEDERAL Judge Leon K. Yankwich, when he freed Fordyce W. Bisbee of charges of soliciting campaign contributions on promises of government jobs, upheld a time-honored American custom.

"If we hold promises like this to be breaches of the statute, then we are interfering with the God-given right of the American politician to make extravagant promises in exchange for support," said the Judge.

★ ★ ★  
AN UNWELCOME "near-kiss," one the giver attempted to deliver but which was left floating in the air, became in the eyes of the law an "assault," a Houston jury decided after threshing the matter out in an all-night deliberation.

And because Mrs. Eugenia Horlock, the lady who would not accept the kiss, held the "assault" responsible for the nervous condition which affected her eyesight, the jury awarded her one thousand dollars' damages against the Yellow Cab Company, employer of the taxi-driver who had attempted to bestow the unwanted kiss while she was a passenger in his cab.

★ ★ ★  
RULES of the road are getting more complicated every day. Washington, D.C., recently ruled that jay-

walking is a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine up to \$300. And Louisville, Kentucky, Police Judge John S. Bracey considers a drunken bicycle rider as dangerous as a drunken automobile driver and recently fined one nineteen dollars and gave him nine days in jail. And in Malvern, South Africa, children get walking licenses which are revoked if the holders break traffic laws.

★ ★ ★  
WHEN Eddie Cobb of Raleigh, North Carolina, escaped from prison, it cost the State Prison Department \$1134.21 to recapture him. To help defray the expense, the S.P.D. took Eddie's auto, sold it for \$500 and applied this sum to the costs. Eddie's wife objected to the state's action and sued.

The Wake County Superior Court thought the state within its rights. But the North Carolina Supreme Court, to which Mrs. Cobb appealed, differed.

"The capture," it ruled, "was voluntary" and the money "legitimately spent for a public purpose." The state, via the Prison Department, does not have the right to assess its escaped prisoners for the cost of recapturing them. Which must be some consolation to prisoners.

—ARTHUR R. CHILDS

# PORTRAIT OF MUNKÁCSI

A TRIPLE PLAY, FROM HUNGARY TO GERMANY  
TO AMERICA, GAVE US AN ACE CAMERAMAN



ON A certain bleak day in December, 1933, Mrs. James Bishop and Miss Lucille Brokaw stood shivering in fractional-piece bathing suits.

Munkácsi crouched down on an icy beach, looking into the ground glass of his camera. He gave a signal. The women dashed across the sand, their capes flying behind them—like a day dream of Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

At this historic moment, a new trend was begun in fashion photography. Action, candor, spontaneity, drama rode in — four horsemen that relegated the deadpan mannequin to limbo.

Today, the *Saturday Evening Post*, bulwark of middle-class conservatism, begins a story saying: "Julie came into the room, her cape slung back like a photo by Munkácsi."

Munkácsi is said to be the highest paid photographer in America—now that he's a simile. The art editor of a famous fashion magazine said that "Munkácsi's coming

to America was the most important thing that has happened to American photography in the past ten years."

The polylingual graphic arts magazine, *Gebrausgraphik*, calls Munkácsi, "the most intellectual, brilliant, interesting of the modern photographers" — "*der geistvollste, der interessante unter den modernen Photographen.*"

This is a polyglot mouthful.

★ ★ ★

Martin Munkácsi was born in the tongue-twisting town of Dicső-Szent-Marton, Transylvania, forty-odd years ago. It was a socially-experimental town. Harmless lunatics boarded out among the burghers.

"Sometimes," says Munkácsi, "when working with editors and actresses, I think I was among those boarded out."

Poverty hung over the Munkácsi house like a mould. For years little Munkácsi had to hobble around in a cast-off pair of his



BALLET DANCER

JANUARY, 1940



DITCH DIGGERS

CORONET



MARGARET SULLAVAN

mother's high-heeled shoes—three sizes too large. The hope of the village was gas. Everybody was digging for natural gas. Mun-

kácsi's father told him that as soon as they struck gas he would buy him a new suit. Munkácsi waited ten years for that new suit—still



KATHARINE HEPBURN

no gas. At 11, he ran away. He picked hops, cracked walnuts, slept in boxes—like a character out of Maxim Gorki. In the in-

terim, he wrote batches of poems.

Whenever he passed a book, he read it. Education slipped up on him. Soon he was a reporter on a





#### FIGURE STUDY

This torso study of Miss Beverly Ann Sperl is chiefly useful in giving a good accounting of one of Munkácsi's favorite models. Concerning her he is prepared to make what is known as a blanket statement. "This is the best figure I have ever photographed."

JANUARY, 1940



### TANGANYIKA

Taken at Tanganyika Lake, Africa, this is one of Munkácsi's best known shots—a group of native boys playing “Dr. Livingstone, I presume.” These free-swinging aborigines gave Munkácsi a taste of the action that he was later to inject into fashion photography.

Budapest paper—*Az Est*. For a long interval, he wrote personality stories—interviews, local scandals, Winchellisms. Then, one sunny day, he started off on a trip.

On his way to the station, two men were fighting. One was an old man, the other a soldier. Munkácsi paid no particular attention; but the subject had human interest. Casually he unfolded a camera, made a shot.

Weeks later he came back. The city was in turmoil; a murder was being sifted. This old man had stabbed the soldier. He claimed self-defense.

Suddenly Munkácsi remembered his picture—as yet undeveloped.

He ran to a darkroom.

Slowly the negative came up. There, clearly, unmistakably in the soldier's hand was a pistol—the old man was defending himself. The proof was in black and white.

Munkácsi's picture was introduced in the trial as evidence. All Budapest saw it, talked of it. The old man was acquitted—overnight Munkácsi was famous—a photographer.

Munkácsi was called up to the editorial carpet. "From now on," said his editor, "you can forget about writing. You're our star

photographer now." Time passed.

★ ★ ★

Munkácsi began to learn that the most important factors in the world are insignificant details. Three cents clipped off of a bill drove him out of Hungary; a bunch of bananas made him leave Germany to its fate.

The three pennies—60 Hungarian Fillers—were clipped in this way:

Munkácsi was assigned to photograph the actress wife of his publisher. He had to travel out to the publisher's summer home.

His expenses came to exactly 3 Pengoes, 60 Fillers. Translation is not important.

He made out his expense account.

The publisher tapped his pencil. He said, "I'll pay the three Pengoes — you'll have to forget about the 60 Fillers."

Munkácsi said, "Don't let the 60 Fillers worry you—I'll even return you the three Pengoes."

The next day he inserted an ad in *Az Est*. It read: "All Furniture in three room apartment for sale." He arranged the number of lines to the rate value of three pengoes, paid the bill, mailed the receipt to the publisher.

With it went this note: "I have no desire to remain in a country

where men have to chisel for 60 Fillers."

The next day he left for Berlin . . . where they chisel for 60 Pfennigs.

Munkácsi went to work for the famous *Berliner Illustrierte*—a publication of the pre-Hitler Ullstein Verlag.

For a number of years, he covered the world—doing *reportage*. He circled the globe in the Graf-Zeppelin, he covered the wedding of Mustapha Kemal Pasha's daughter.

One year the clouds grew heavy, and Hitler came.

Serious work became a greater and greater absurdity.

A certain Christmas arrived, and Munkácsi was assigned to photograph fruit for the women's section. The job was to picture fruit for preserving.

Munkácsi got to work. In short order he turned in twenty shots—beautiful pieces of fruit. The editor—a new Nazi appointee—took a quick look at the prints. He threw five back at him. "These are bananas," he said — "bananas are not a German fruit."

Munkácsi made a speech. "I can stay in country," he said, "where they kill thousands of innocent people—but I can't stay in a country where the shape of a fruit

can hurt the eyes of a nation."

He pulled out of Germany.

Munkácsi's career has been colorful — chiefly, perhaps, because Munkácsi has an eye for the colorful . . . for the colorful, the bizarre, the dramatic. He combines esthetics with good copy.

This bent has given his life danger, trouble, disaster, adventure, character.

★ ★ ★

Munkácsi's technique is linked to his discipline as a press photographer—the one discipline that knocks chi-chi into a hat.

He works quickly, surely . . . leaning on himself—no tripod. He prefers medium-size negatives— $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ —enlarges everything, often uses only a fraction of the negative, enlarges to great size on glossy paper. If a little grain appears, he slaps it on the back.

He steers clear of miniature cameras on the theory that you can't kill a lion with a B. B. gun. A fractional part of a 35mm negative is liable to be too small to sink your teeth into.

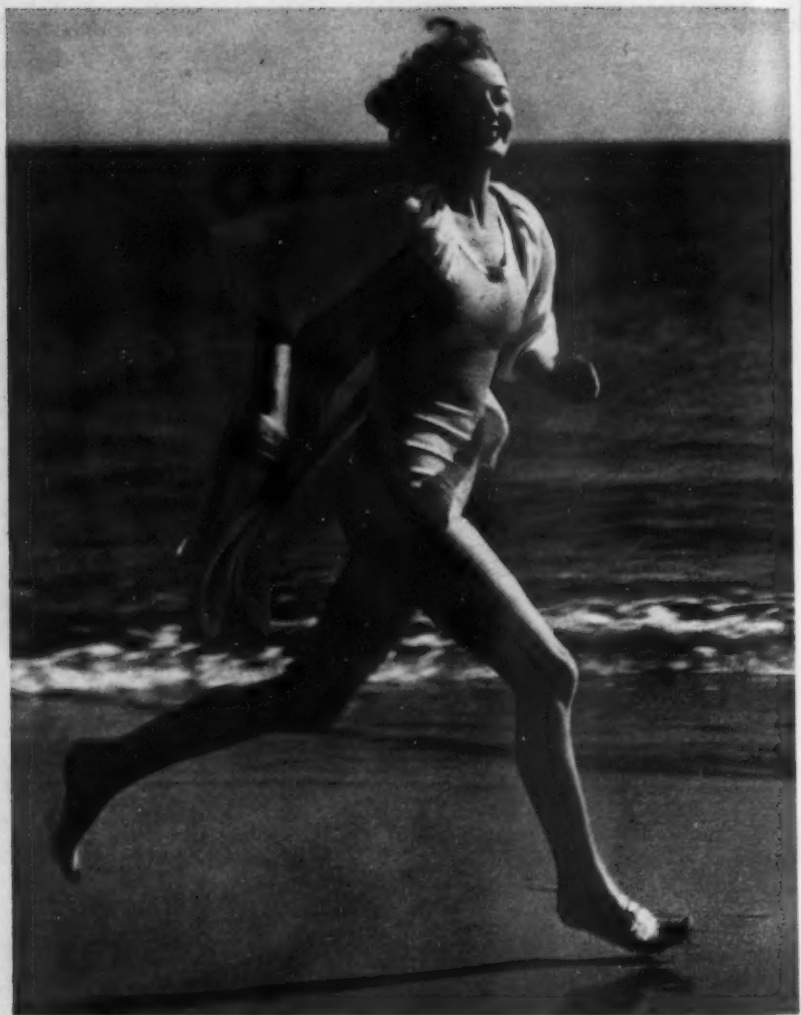
"The only time I use a miniature camera," Munkácsi went on, "is as a plug between my foot and my shoe—when the shoe is too big. If I ever got a job constructing a second Boulder Dam, I'd use miniatures instead of cement."



#### CAFE SCENE, SEVILLE

Taken in 1929, this is a good example of Munkácsi's fondness for aerial perspectives—like the Chinese landscape painters. It epitomizes, as well, his leaning toward movement, action, drama . . . combining the best qualities of pictorialism and news reporting.

JANUARY, 1940



### BEACH GIRL

Miss Lucille Brokaw running along an icy beach in December, 1933. This picture, published in *Harper's Bazaar*, was a milestone in fashion photography. It set the stage for naturalism. Thousands of for-God's-sake-don't-pose amateurs are descended from it.



For outdoor work, he leans toward a 4 x 5 Speed Graphic; for portraits, landscapes, animals, a custom-made reflex,  $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ , turned out by Adams, London. He is not, however, orthodox. Many cameras go with him on a job; many lenses.

Working under uncertain social difficulties, he sometimes screws a fake lens on one side of his camera, hires a group of boys to pose in front of it—does the real shooting under his arm.

His eye is sure. He seldom makes more than two shots of a given subject—no matter how important the so-called sitter.

He fights specialization. "In my opinion," he says, "a photographer must be a family doctor, a *Mädchen für Alles*—able to do anything."

He illustrates it. Spreading his life over news, reportage, fashion, and commercial illustration—he has stretched it to color.

His color work violates the old rules, sets up new. An old thesis was that color lighting should be flat—contrast would have to come from color arrangements, not shadow.

Munkácsi puts in shadow. "I can get roundness and depth," he said, "in color work—with lights—exactly as I would in black

and white." (This is illustrated in the color photographs shown on these pages—most of which were taken for *Harper's Bazaar*.)

He was the first to tackle "candid" work in reportage—doing in Spain, in 1923, the things Dr. Salomon was afterwards to do with such dramatic effect in the conference rooms of the League of Nations.

Today, in the midst of a world that sits, like Humpty Dumpty, on the West Wall, Munkácsi is one of the last survivors of the spirit of guild craftsmanship. He is a latter-day Stradivari.

He refuses to contract for more work than he can turn out with his own hands. He does his own developing, finishing—no matter how trifling the project. He has never employed more than two people, one for the darkroom, one for the telephone—swears on a pile of his own pictures that there will never be more.

He is interested, as an intelligent man, in the charm of money. But despite his years in America, the value of motion for its own sake, of worry as an end in itself, has not taken root. He probably got D minus on his citizenship test. He could never get by the Dies Committee.

—ROBERT W. MARKS

## FROM A PORTFOLIO OF PHOTOMONTAGES

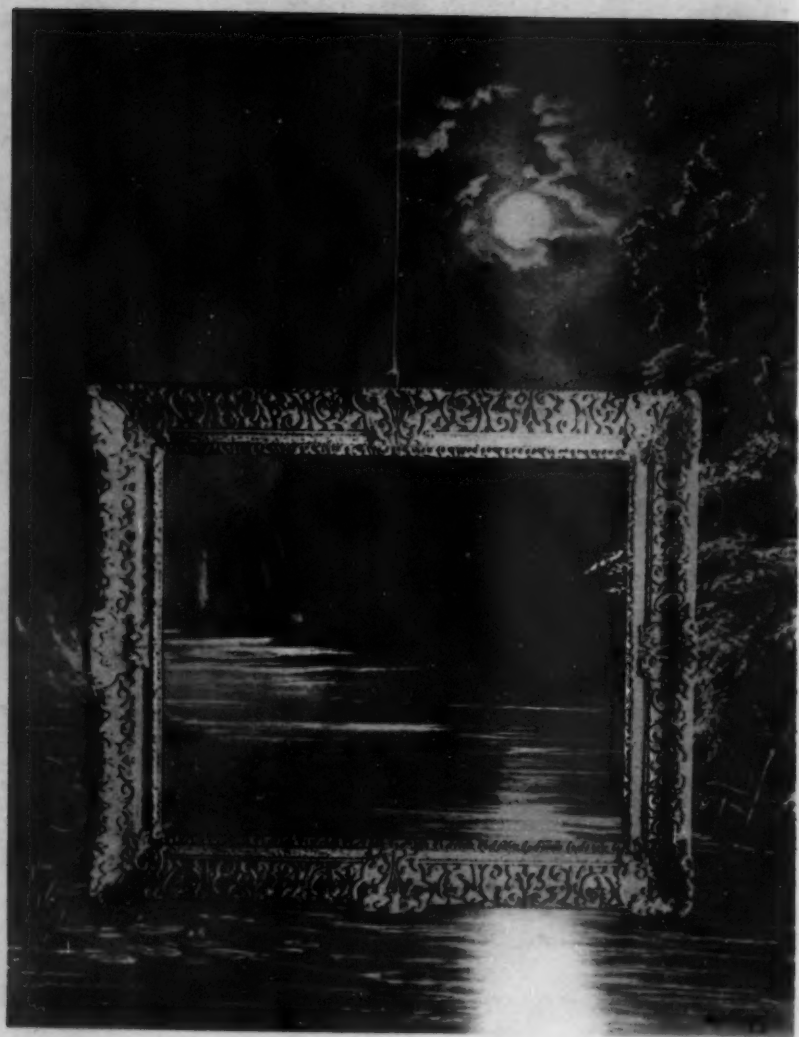
by Herbert Bayer

HERBERT BAYER is tops in a new kind of artist's "profession" which the modern world needs but for which a name has not yet been found. We might call the profession that of "creative designer." He stands midway between the processes of invention and application. It is no easy job; you must remember that a translator, to be good, must write as handsomely as the original author, must also be able to write and to read in both languages. Herbert Bayer is an admirable artist. He is also an efficient and intelligent technician in such fields as printing and photography. When one of his specialties marries the other there is always an attractive child; as in his various publications where his creative taste combined with his knowledge of printer's technique results in an original, modern typography. These photographs and *photomontages* are the results of Bayer's two-edged ability. He does not feel confined by the technical limits of the camera to documentary reproduction. He sits down with innumerable photographs, with scissors and paste, with paint and paint brush, and transforms a haphazard and static inventory into a non-haphazard, creative invention. A bit of photograph is combined with painting, wit with poetry, some realism with not a little surrealism. The result—wholly a Herbert Bayer creation.

—JULIEN LEVY

Lonesome Townsman→





Look into Life

Tell It with Hands →

CORONET







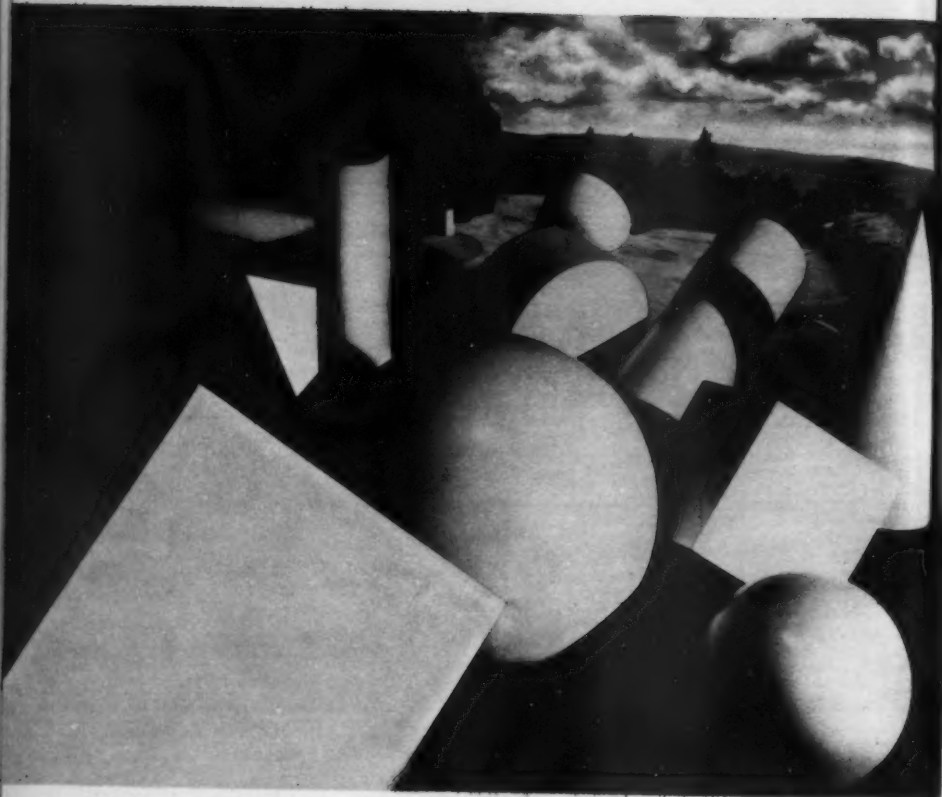


Herbert Bayer

Shortly before Darkness

← Hand of God

JANUARY, 1940



Metamorphosis

Monument →

CORONET





*George F. Mason*

CORONET

## YEAR IN

This year no different than the year before:  
The last month dark with rains, the dark wood blown  
By stripping winds, the sea washing the shore  
Smooth as a skull, smoothing away to stone  
The grey rock in the cove . . .  
This year no different and the weight  
Of mankind's Judas love  
A gall in the breast, harder than rock, than hate;  
This year, and the peace bird flown.

Wind from the sea, blow now through quavering trees  
Louder than whining steel, than mammoth wings overhead;  
Ocean, at foreign quays,  
Wash from the shore the script of the sand-peep's tread,  
And the script of man and the sick year's histories.

—GILBERT MAXWELL

# THE FRAIDY-CAT PIRATE

EXPLODING THE MYTH OF TERRIBLE CAPTAIN  
KIDD, WHO WAS SCARED OF HIS SHIP'S SHADOW



WHEN, in December of 1695, the *Adventure Galley* nosed out of Deptford Harbor, she carried a skipper destined for more undeserved notoriety than all the gaudiest creations of latter-day ballyhoo artists. Posterity has conferred a strictly phony status upon meek, mild, misunderstood William Kidd.

Scarcely remembered are such authentic terrificos as François L'Ollonais, Attila of the seven seas; ogre-puss Rahmah-ben-Jabir, who wore the same shirt all his life and collected human heads as some men collect postage stamps; Charlie Gibbs, with an unmatched record of 150 corpses and twelve gutted ships before breakfasts; while Kidd, who was the Milquetoast of buccaneers, remains the arch-type of piratical ferocity.

When you think of the Jolly Roger, walking the plank, the Spanish Main, you automatically think of Kidd. The treasure he

supposedly cached would pay the combined European war debts with some to spare. In reality William was hardly a pirate at all, never buried anything worth mentioning and both as man and skipper was pitifully ineffectual. His redoubtable reputation rests solely on the braining of a mutinous gunner who wanted to turn pirate and four acts of mild high seas hi-jacking secretly condoned by the King of England.

Far from being the roaring terror of the Main as represented by historians, poor Kidd was only the fall guy in a neat political double cross.

When he stepped into the international scene, a highly respected, propertied gentleman of New York, with a wife, numerous children and rigid Calvinist principles, piracy presented some tricky problems. Wars at this epoch were inevitably followed by eruptions of piracy, partly due to naughty habits acquired by privateers dur-



ing hostilities, partly because the warring nations couldn't spare ships for police duty.

England especially found herself in a spot. Her subjects with shipping interests in the East, like the East India Company, howled for suppression of piracy, while subjects living in the American colonies merrily supported and practiced it as their chief source of profit. Governor Benjamin Fletcher of New York was impeached on suspicion of protecting pirates, and in England a luckless buccaneer told his captors, "I had no idea but that it was lawful to plunder ships and goods belonging to enemy nations."

Out of this situation snide, shifty King William III, abetted by a brace of venal peers, concocted a cute scheme to purge the seas, and line his own pockets at the same time. Why not, he proposed, outfit a ship at our own expense—a private enterprise, you understand—to catch pirates? Whatever we take we split, and if our captain should mistake French or Spanish boats for pirate craft, why, we shouldn't be too harsh on him, should we?

His Majesty hovered discreetly in the background as a sort of sleeping partner, while Lord Bellomont, Governor of New Eng-

land, and Colonel Robert Livingston, soldier of fortune, organized the project. Seeking a skilled ship's captain for the job, they happened on Kidd, who had functioned creditably in the late French-English wars, and they offered to cut him in.

Within a month Kidd had equipped his ship, a galley of 287 tons and thirty-four guns, and taken on a crew which, unknown to him—Bellomont's London agent had signed them on—would as soon slit a man's gullet as look at him. On December 10th the *Adventure Galley* weighed anchor from Castle's Yard, Deptford, in what was to be the most ludicrously unsuccessful venture ever undertaken by pirate or privateer.

Kidd sailed the seas for two solid years without attacking a single pirate craft. In fact, he carefully avoided the coast of Madagascar, the world's most notorious pirate stronghold, where desperadoes like Thomas Tew, Robert Culliford and John Kelley were daily launching murderous raids that would have made Kidd blench. The man simply had no stomach for bloodshed. He did seize a tiny, unarmed French fishing boat, but she was scarcely worth the expense of towing her.

And so in 1697 we find the *Ad-*

venture *Galley* wallowing aimlessly in the mouth of the Red Sea, her skipper facing utter ruin. The crew, or what remained of it, were getting thoroughly fed up with his timidity and when, on September 20th, they sighted a Moorish ketch, they demanded action. Kidd agreed half-heartedly. They fired a couple of shots across her bow. She made no resistance and they boarded her to seize a few negligible bales of pepper, coffee and myrrh.

Kidd knew there must be gold aboard, but instead of submitting the Moors to choice tortures as any self-respecting pirate would have done, he ordered them lightly drubbed with the flat of a cutlass. It took more than that to make a Moor talk and Kidd withdrew empty-handed.

He next met up with a Dutch ship, the *Loyal Captain*. The crew was all for attacking her out of hand, but she appeared so formidable to the cautious Kidd that he forbade it. This reticence created a mild mutiny which reached its climax when Kidd reproached his gunner, William Moore, for having wanted to take the *Loyal Captain*. Moore denied such intentions, whereupon Kidd, in a fit of pique, called him a "lousy dog."

"If I," rejoined the gunner,

"am a lousy dog, then you have made me so."

Kidd chewed on this a while, pacing the deck and muttering to himself, as if he were trying to stir up a real mad. When he finally grew mad enough he grabbed an iron bucket, swung it on the mutinous gunner and bashed out his brains.

This was the only murder in a long and undistinguished career and, considering its provocation and the severity of seventeenth-century discipline at sea, it was justified. Many men had been flogged to death for less.

Possibly emboldened by the killing of Moore, certainly egged on by his piracy-minded crew and the desperate necessity of showing his backers something for their money, Kidd captured in rapid succession a French, a Dutch and an Armenian boat. Piracy, assuredly, but piracy to which neither the King nor Bellomont could reasonably have objected.

The only haul that amounted to anything was the *Quedagh Merchant*, the Armenian boat. She yielded seven or eight thousand pounds in merchandise, which Kidd later sold, and some gold stowed in two or three small chests. But he committed the fatal error of dividing the money among the

crew instead of forwarding it to Bellomont.

And now occurred an event most embarrassing to every one involved. The owners of the *Quedagh Merchant* and one or two other boats taken by Kidd complained to the Lords Justice in England. Political enemies of the men who had backed Kidd saw a heaven-sent opportunity to make trouble. They spread shocking rumors and shortly the public was whispering that good old King William himself had taken a flyer at the piracy racket.

His Majesty, Bellomont, Livingston and the others perceived the need of a goat. They elected Kidd.

Nobody was more astounded to learn that he had been officially branded a pirate than the unhappy captain himself, who received the sour news at Anguilla in the West Indies where he and some of his crew had put in for a stretch of relaxation. So hurt and incredulous was he that he wrote to Bellomont, the man who had promised him royal protection in the first place, and requested a guarantee of safe conduct back to America.

That astute gentleman promptly complied and Kidd set out naively for Boston. With a remnant of commonsense, however, he

tarried at Gardiner's Island long enough to bury or otherwise secret the chests removed from the *Quedagh Merchant*. From this act sprang the apocrypha of Kidd's buried treasure, which places unimaginable wealth in every cove and inlet between Oak Island, Maine and the Bahamas.

The instant Kidd showed his face in Boston, Bellomont chucked him in the pokey and before the year was out the captain and available crew members were en route to England in chains to answer charges of piracy.

They nailed Kidd specifically for, of all things, the murder of Gunner Moore. Kidd's counsel and carefully selected witnesses, created the fictive picture we have today. Kidd was swiftly convicted and sentenced to hang, to the immeasurable relief of the King and his Lords, although the latter were kept busy for some years explaining that they had no part in the felonies.

A bungler in everything, Kidd perished at the hands of a bungling hangman. The rope broke the first time and they had to hoist him aloft twice before the operation took. Thus died William Kidd, timorous, defaulting privateer, and the legend of Kidd, arch-pirate, was born.—JOHN KOBLER

## A NATURE QUIZ

*CALCULATED TO TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF MAN'S  
MOST FAMILIAR SUBJECT: HIS OWN MOTHER EARTH*



**P**ERHAPS you know to the penny the amount of the national debt, and easily reel off the names of all the Senators, but do you remember the ancient lore of nature? Or has civilization made you forgetful of such old basic knowledge as this?

Here are fifty statements, all of them concerned with simple everyday facts of earth-life and the commonest problems of outdoors. Mark each statement true or false, and then, when you have marked

all fifty, check with the answers on page 96.

If you make a score of 90 or better in this quiz, your nature-lore is exceptional and you rank high as a son or daughter of earth. If you score in the 80's, you are still above average. A score in the 70's should make you wonder whether perhaps you ought to get out oftener into woods and fields and meadows and refresh your understanding; and a score of less than 70 points should leave no doubt in your mind about it.

1. All short thick snakes are poisonous, and all long slender ones innocuous.
2. Bats have good eyesight.
3. If you have been gathering mushrooms, and want to make sure that the stew you have cooked up does not accidentally contain any poisonous species, you can tell by inserting a silver spoon in it. If the spoon blackens, beware; if it

does not, the mushrooms may safely be eaten.

4. A good palliative for wasp-stings, if you are far from home, is the application of a thick smear of mud.
5. If you get lost in the woods, you can readily find your bearings by the fact that the moss always grows most thickly on the north sides of the trees.
6. If you cut an earthworm in

- two, each half will go on living as an individual worm.
7. The forked organ that flickers in and out of a snake's mouth, when the reptile is disturbed, is its stinger.
  8. Moles are entirely blind.
  9. You can forecast the severity of a coming winter by noting the thickness of the animals' pelts in autumn and the size of the nut-hoard which the squirrels bury.
  10. Skunks, before loosing their terrible stench, usually give you warning by lowering their heads and thumping the ground with their forefeet.
  11. Rabbits are mute.
  12. If you are bitten by a venomous snake, it is a good thing promptly to drink a generous amount of whisky or brandy.
  13. You can tell a black widow spider by the fact that its whole body is a uniform glossy black in color.
  14. If you annoy a blacksnake, it will sometimes pursue you savagely as you run away.
  15. When a honeybee stings you, it leaves its stinger in the wound and soon dies.
  16. When you see a dog that runs around wildly and foams at the mouth, you may be sure it is suffering from hydrophobia.
  17. Only the female of the housefly is capable of stinging.
  18. Butterflies hatch from cocoons.
  19. The katydids that you hear singing in late summer are all males.
  20. Crickets produce their cheerful chirping by rubbing one wing-cover against the other.
  21. Toads, when handled, secrete a mild poison which will give you warts.
  22. Lightning never strikes twice in the same place.
  23. If you provoke a porcupine, it sometimes throws its quills at you, usually aiming at the face.
  24. The so-called seventeen-year locust actually does spend seventeen years under ground before emerging as an adult.
  25. When you are in a region where earwigs are numerous, it is advisable to put some kind of protective covering over your ears before going to bed.
  26. The luminescence of fireflies and glowworms is accompanied by virtually no heat.
  27. Raccoons usually wash their food carefully before eating it.
  28. An eel can live with equal comfort in either fresh water or salt, and often travels from one to the other.
  29. The cowbird never builds any nest or broods any eggs.

30. The dragon-fly, sometimes known as the darning-needle, inflicts a sting that is similar to a wasp's.
31. The silverfish is a kind of small minnow which is much used for bait.
32. The most easily cut kindling for a camp-fire is hemlock knots.
33. The best green woods with which to make an easily ignited and quick-burning fire are basswood, black ash, and poplar.
34. Houseflies hibernate during the winter in crevices and crannies, emerging again in the spring.
35. It is never safe to take a drink from a pool containing oak leaves.
36. Experience has shown that the bite of a skunk usually causes rabies.
37. All bright green snakes are poisonous.
38. Ants sometimes bring into their colonies other ants which they keep as slaves.
39. Frogs, when seized by their enemies, are likely to emit loud screams.
40. Crows sometimes "hold court" on an errant member of the flock and sentence him to death.
41. The common crested fly-catcher habitually hangs a snake-skin at the entrance to its nest.
42. Woodchucks are known to arouse from their hibernation each year on the second day of February.
43. Snakes are capable of hypnotizing small birds by the power of their stare.
44. The adult clothes-moth feeds generally on woolen garments and fur.
45. The songs of mice are chiefly in the tones of c and d.
46. The best trees under which to pitch a tent are aspens or poplars.
47. If you must seek shelter under a tree during a thunderstorm, it is better to choose a beech than an oak, as beech trees do not get struck by lightning so often.
48. A silver fox is simply a common red fox whose color happens to vary from the normal color of his species.
49. Deer, when alarmed, make a noise similar to the barking of dogs.
50. Although you may not care for spiders, they are really beneficial insects.

—ALAN DEVOE



## HER SLENDER WAIST CONFINED

TIGHT-LACING, POINTED OUT MR. FOWLER, KINDLES  
IMPURE FEELINGS AND RENDERS ONE WEAK-MINDED



COMING out on the Wolverine the lady buyer said they are going back to little waists and big corsets. She seemed surprised and added bitterly: "Women'll never have any sense."

I wasn't surprised. For years I've collected Sears, Roebuck catalogs and in their pages watched things come and go. The catalog is the American Album and Arnold Bennett was right about it. In 1911 he visited the Sears Chicago plant, watched merchandise moving out, and noted in his *Journal*: "From these things one can deduce the life of a continent." And as an essential part of that life the manners and morals of a nation.

Corsets, for instance. Here are the ladies of the 1905 catalog with the wasp waists of the time, the big busts, and the well-tempered clavichords propelled into space at perilous angles by the remorseless pressure of constricting corsets. This is how Sears described

one of the bone-breakers worn in the sweet name of fashion:

"Straight Front Fine Batiste Corset, Bias Gored, 50c. Military erect figure, has 2 side steels and 4 bone strips with extra heavy front, 10-inch steel boned underneath, making a perfectly smooth surface. Handsomely trimmed with pretty lace on top."

Ladies did not, however, achieve the "military erect figure" without a long struggle. The war of the corset went on for nearly a century and if its once loud noises have become a muted whisper and the names of its chieftains have been forgotten, there still hover about it those strangely moving qualities that are part of all lost causes and the romantically obscure in history.

One of the earliest fighters who sought to free women from the tyranny of tight lacing was Hugh Smith, M.D., who published in 1827 a volume of *Letters to Married Ladies*, which included a "Let-

ter on Corsets, and Copious Notes by an American Physician." Here Dr. Smith first deplors the practice of the preceding century when mothers laid their daughters on the floor and, with one foot on their backs, tightened the laces of their stays. Then he utters a warning none the less awful because it is expressed in terms of the most genteel euphemism.

"It is a fact well known to physicians," he wrote, "that there is scarcely any power equal to continued pressure for the removal of glandular swellings. This principle operates upon those two, not only highly ornamental, but essentially useful glands, situated upon the superior and anterior position of your chest. The constant and unyielding pressure of your corsets very gradually cause an almost total disappearance of these glands . . . so that many of our females before they are five and thirty, are actually obliged to use some deceit, in order to produce the appearance of breasts. With many ladies it is often a matter of serious lamentation, when they pass the rubicund (as some waggish pensmen have seen fit to denominate the line between the girl and the old maid) and yet no plan could be better adapted to hasten that period . . . to level down these two

most attractive prominences."

All in vain. The ladies were willing to risk the loss of their "highly ornamental glands" in order to be fashionable. The medical warning had failed. Would the moral admonition succeed?

Twenty-two years after Dr. Smith's gallant defeat, a successor arose in the person of O. S. Fowler, editor of the *American Phrenological Journal*. In 1849 he hurled his slogan across the continent: "Total Abstinence or No Husbands — Natural Waists or No Wives." A dangerous if not a treasonable motto, for if ladies would not marry drinking gentlemen and gentlemen would not marry wasp-waisted ladies, it follows that a little stubbornness on either side would have jeopardized the future existence of the young republic. Mr. Fowler, however, does not seem to have rested his case on this point. In an article entitled "Tight Lacing, or the evils of Compressing the Organs of Animal Life," he recalls that a previous work of his—*Matrimony*—had led to the forming of Anti-Lacing Societies all over the country, and then makes an impassioned protest against the practice.

"Who does not know," inquired the phrenologist, "that the com-

pression of any part produces inflammation? Who does not know that, therefore, tight-lacing keeps the blood from returning freely to the heart, and retains it in the bowels and neighboring organs, and thereby inflames all the organs of the abdomen, which thereby EXCITES AMATIVE DESIRES?

"It is high time that virtuous woman should blush for very shame to be seen laced tight, just as she should blush to be caught indulging impure desires. . . . No woman who reads this will dare to be seen laced tight, because she knows it to be true."

This was bad enough; worse was to come. Tight-lacing ladies faced a fate far worse than death.

"I will add," concludes Mr. Fowler, "that tight-lacing explains the fact that tight-lacers so easily get in love. It is true that tight-lacing kindles impure feelings, at the same time that it renders their possessors weak-minded, so as to be the more easily led away by temptation."

Mr. Fowler's warnings hardly had time to get around the country before they were temporarily forgotten in the disturbances of the Civil War. Immediately afterward unreconstructed corset reformers again took to the field and throughout the remainder of the

century the corset war continued. Manufacturers, using a method later extensively employed by twentieth-century press agents, induced doctors (who shall say by what means?) to announce that "a well-fitting corset does no more harm than a well-fitting glove." Or: "As a medical man (and not one of the old school) I feel justified in saying that the ladies who are content with a moderate application of the corset may secure that most elegant female charm, a slender waist, without fear of injury to the health."

Mothers wrote that by an early adjustment of the corset on girls aged seven or eight, the waist could gradually be tapered without harm to the child. Elegant ladies said that "to me the sensation of being tightly laced in a pair of well-made, lightly fitting corsets is superb." Dowagers murmured that "No young ladies could go into good society with a coarse clumsy waist like a rustic." And young men—the all important young men — spoke their minds in the letters columns of newspapers. They said they "were slaves to the little waist"; and that "girls with slender waists were the queens of the ballrooms."

Thus the slender waist became essential to fashion and elegance;

girls of fifteen slept in their corsets; and fashionable English boarding schools advertised (to American customers) that they could reduce the waist one inch a month to the circumference of thirteen. By the turn of the century the possession of an "illusion waist" was to be desired even at the risk of "whooping-cough, obliquity of vision, palpitations, and earache," all of which corset critics attributed to tight-lacing. But headaches were in store for corset manufacturers.

It took a long time for women to become aware of a paper printed in the *New York Medical Journal* in 1889 called "The Corset; Questions of Pressure and Displacement." The author was Dr. Robert L. Dickinson, a lecturer on obstetrics at the Long Island College Hospital. In a calmer and more logical manner than preceding corset critics, Dr. Dickinson proclaimed the results of his experiments:

1. The maximum pressure of the corset is 1.625 pounds to the square inch during inspiration, making the total estimated pressure 30 to 80 pounds.

2. Chest expansion is restricted one-third when the corset is on the body.

3. The thoracic character of

women's breathing is largely caused by wearing corsets.

4. The abdominal wall is thinned and weakened by the pressure of stays; the liver suffers great direct pressure and is more frequently displaced than any other organ.

5. The pelvic floor is bulged downwards by tight-lacing one-third of an inch.

A new and powerful enemy to corsets had now appeared on the scene, and he came equipped not with moral posturings but with apparently precise medical data and frightening photographs of twisted livers, crumpled stomachs, and anchorless kidneys. A wagging finger was one thing but charts, measurements, and findings announced in a reputable medical journal were quite another thing. And the findings were soon gleefully hailed and disseminated by—husbands. These creatures had grown sick and tired of listening to descriptions of their wives' fashionable illnesses such as vapors and nausea; they were tired too of paying doctors' bills. It now seemed that salvation for husbands was at hand and they eagerly seized it. After the publication of Dr. Dickinson's paper, Papa no longer looked sympathetic when Mama complained of headache,

but showed her a picture of a corset-compressed liver and sneeringly asked: "Well, what the hell do you expect when you tie yourself up like a bale of hay?"

It had once taken the French revolution to shake women out of the steel and leather corsets of the times, but they were back in them long before Napoleon reached St. Helena. A hundred years later it took nothing less than the World War to jostle women out of their corsets again. They started dropping them in France where it suddenly became fashionable to bear a child for *la patrie*, and corsets became antiquated everywhere almost overnight. The long day of small waists seemed forever gone; the day when a thirteen-inch waist was the ideal and an eighteen-inch waist almost coarse, seemed as remote as Babylon. In the new freedom, corsets were flung riotously upon the winds.

Yet less than twenty years after the end of the war—and corsets

had been taken back long before—the Sears Catalog alludes to Miss Ginger Rogers as the Ideal Girl. Miss Rogers of the phenomenal twenty-inch waist. The catalog's models wear girdles like those "worn by the star," and the promise is made for them that they will give the wearer "a flat tummy; a slim young waist; and looking firm and lovely to the eye." Fat women are poured before your very eyes into "slenderizing" corsets to emerge the spitting image of page boys in the train of Lorenzo de' Medici, and the ladies liked all this so much that it took 31,000 workers to produce \$67,000,000 worth of corsets in 1935.

My buyer friend, when I had told her all this, said I hadn't seen nothing yet. Wait till they get going on the new styles for the new wasp waists. Every woman will have to throw away her old outfits and buy new ones. "Women'll never have any sense," she said wearily.—DAVID L. COHN

### MARRIAGE AS AN INSTITUTION

AFTER his long bachelorhood Bernard Shaw finally married, to the amazement of many who knew him. Someone inevitably asked, "Well, what do you think of marriage?"

"It is difficult to answer," replied

the playwright. "I might say that it is like freemasonry: those who are not received into the order cannot talk about it and those who are members are pledged to eternal silence."

—ERNEST WALLIS

# LET'S WRITE BETTER LETTERS

IT'S A SHAME TO LET THE PERSONAL LETTER  
BECOME THE EXTINCT MAIL OF THE SPECIES



THE post-office department, with an annual deficit to explain away, is not alone in regretting the slow death of personal correspondence. The fact that the most friendly of the home-arts, *i.e.*, letter-writing, is slowly turning into a lost art is lamented by thousands who, like the present writer, resent the brittle slap-on-the-back cheerfulness of the canned I-am-fine-hope-to-hear-the-same-from-you.

The private communication was a unique institution. Nothing ever afforded so much pleasure and comfort to so many people as the receipt of a thick envelope with its closely-written pages of newsy gossip and small talk. The letter breathed friendliness. It bridged distances. It conveyed the personal aura of its writer with a fidelity that no telegram message, no singing greeting, no "Scotch post-card," no engraved pasteboard with a scribbled line, however sincerely meant, could ever achieve.

It taught men and women to express themselves clearly—and discreetly. It trained the correspondents in selectivity of thought. Long before the typewriter became as common an addition to the well-furnished home as the innerspring mattress, the letter was an important medium for the exchange of ideas, and more than one historical period of the past has been clarified through the files of letters that have come down from those days. Indeed, *Life and Letters of* — is the title of many a biography of an outstanding personage.

This dying art should be resuscitated. The lengthy salutations, the excessively wordy closes and protestations of regard, affection, devotion, in the letters of yesteryear may be dispensed with: let the space be employed for the transmission of matter rather than froth. But there is no better way for the individual to maintain contacts with friends at a distance



and to teach himself a command of the language and an ability to employ it effectively than by regular correspondence.

"Dear Folks: School O. K. Car Fine. Cookies swell. Am sending laundry. Please rush allowance. Love—" The foregoing is no doubt the nation's Maddening Letter No. 1, composed weekly or fortnightly in several hundred colleges and preparatory schools. Such is the initial step in illiterate letter-writing; unchecked, the youth is doomed to such blithe burbling for the rest of his days. But the composition offends in more ways than the esthetic. Concise to the nth degree, it is much too business-like for effective solicitation of the allowance—which is at least the secondary motive of the writing.

In short, not offering ample personal data, it is not a good sales letter: All it tells "the folks" is that the writer is physically able to hold the pen to the notepaper and the tongue to the back of the stamp. Otherwise it conveys about as much personal aura as the bundle of laundry which will arrive via parcel post the same afternoon.

However, young people are not the only offenders. Their elders are responsible for a kindred

abomination which often runs as follows: "... Uncle Ned's lumbago the same. Have new bridge and two crowns. Business about as usual. Otherwise we are all well and hope you are the same." It was Doctor Johnson who said, "A short letter to a distant friend is, in my opinion, an insult like that of a slight bow or a cursory salutation."

The man who grew up on the foregoing examples generally errs as badly when he comes to handle correspondence in his field of business, and he bolts his correspondence as he does his breakfast. Business letters are as a rule, monotonously stereotyped. On the other hand, a Chicago bookseller has built up an unusually successful business by his leisurely, genial and even humorous letters to book collectors across the nation.

Whatever excuse business may have for its staccato correspondence, the private letter-writer can hardly claim it. Incidentally, one might write a treatise on the effect of the newspaper headline on social correspondence, but the fact remains that no individual with any imagination need confine himself so rigidly, and with such dull results, to the tabloid letter.

For there is truly no mystery about effective letter-writing. First

of all, although many people dread the writing of them, everyone likes to receive them. Second, when you take your pen in hand think of your correspondent and what he or she will enjoy reading about. Third, remember that the best style in letter-writing is the informal style: write as you talk. Montaigne said of his letter-writing: "Those that cost me the most trouble are the most worthless: when once they begin to drag, it is a sign that my heart is not in them. . . . I usually begin without any plan: the first word begets the second."

One cannot too greatly emphasize the importance of the letter as a medium for the exchange of ideas even in this day of the radio, the telephone and the newspaper. An opinion expressed in a letter generally receives credence and always attention. Friends living at a distance may exchange their reactions on the new books they have read, on the motion pictures they have seen, on rising or falling political personalities, even on the state of the weather, if it has been in any way unusual enough to be worthy of comment or long-distance notice.

The fact that there is a lively sale for out-of-town newspapers in every community of any size bears

out the point that people are interested in what happens outside of their personal range. To an urban dweller news from the farm is intensely interesting. Rural dwellers are curious about what goes on in the large city.

And if we look a bit farther afield, one does not have to be a philatelist to enjoy thoroughly the receipt of a letter from Bermuda, the Riviera or the Federated Malay States. For somehow letters from far places carry a charm and a spirit akin to adventure—if they are made interesting. Furthermore, correspondence between persons at a great distance from each other, particularly in foreign countries, encourages mutual respect and tolerance between peoples, a commodity of which there is, sadly enough, far too little in our day.

The journal and the diary have gone out of fashion, for both required more leisure and application than the bedlam of modern life permits.

But the purely personal letter, privileged and uncensored only in a free democracy, and genial, friendly and individual, will always bring pleasure both to those who are away and to those who stay at home.

—LOUIS STEELE



HEIN GORNY

NEW YORK

## JINGLE BELLS

JANUARY, 1940



ERNŐ VADAS

FROM SCHULZ, L. I. ILS

# LICKETY-SPLIT

CORONET

56



L. I.

ILSE MAYER

NEW YORK

TODAY IS MONDAY

JANUARY, 1940

57



ERNŐ VADAS

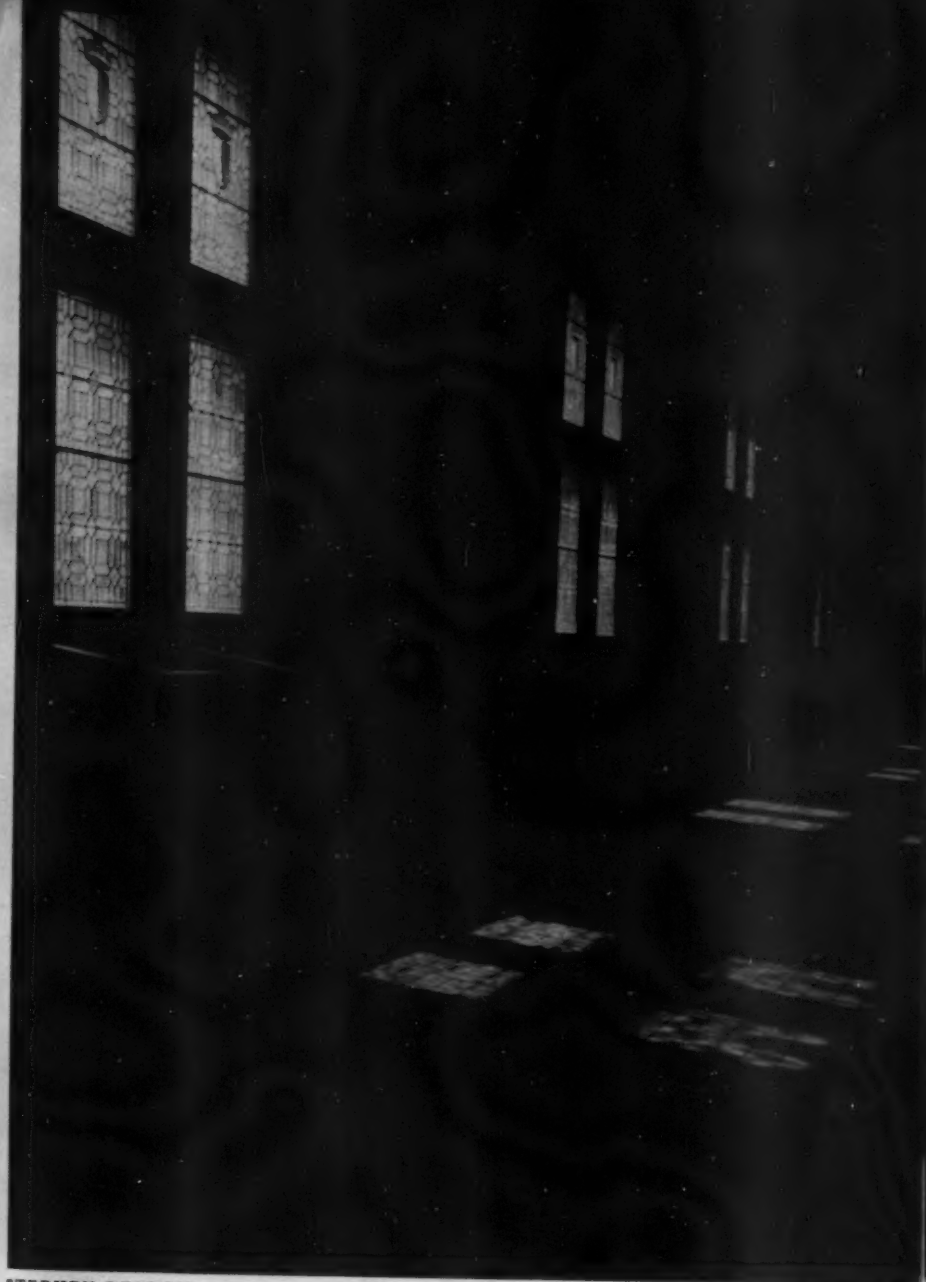
FROM SCHULZ, L. I.

## FOUR WOMEN

CORONET

58





STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

CAMERA OBSCURA

JANUARY, 1940



MARSHALL PERHAM

FROM F. P. G.

G-BOYS

CORONET

60



WILLIAM GILBERT

NEWARK, N. J.

## BLACKOUT

JANUARY, 1940



MARSHALL PERHAM

FROM F. P. G.

G-BOYS

CORONET

60



WILLIAM GILBERT

NEWARK, N. J.

## BLACKOUT

JANUARY, 1940



KURT LUBINSKI

NEW YORK

THREE TIMES A DAY

CORONET

62





KURT LUBINSKI

NEW YORK

TWICE A YEAR

JANUARY, 1940



HUNGARIAN STATE PHOTOGRAPH

OVER THE DANUBE

CORONET



ERNŐ VADAS

FROM SCHULZ, L. I.

# STREET GLOW

JANUARY, 1940



REUBEN GOLDBERG

PHILADELPHIA

## THE RELATIVE

CORONET



BRASSAÏ

PARIS

PERSIAN POTENTATE

JANUARY, 1940



HEIN GORNÝ

NEW YORK

HORSE FACE

CORONET





DR. AJTAY-HEIM

BUDAPEST

SHADES OF BONDAGE

JANUARY, 1940



BRASSAI

PARIS

## THE HARD WAY

CORONET

70



HEIN GORNY

NEW YORK

# SNOW WAKE

JANUARY, 1940



MARCEL GAUTHEROT

PARIS

EMPTY IMAGE

CORONET

72



STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

FIGURINE

JANUARY, 1940



ANDRÉ STEINER

PARIS

GAIETÉ PARISIENNE

CORONET





WILLIAM GILBERT

NEWARK, N. J.

OTCHI TCHORNIYA

JANUARY, 1940



BRASSAI

PARIS

BALLERINA

CORONET

76



ANDRÉ STEINER

PARIS

APHRODITE

JANUARY, 1940

77



RAY ATKESON

PORTLAND, OREGON

CANDELABRA

CORONET

78



SHERWOOD MARK

PASADENA, CALIF.

MOONGLEAM

JANUARY, 1940



KURT LUBINSKI

NEW YORK

ARMS AND THE MAN

CORONET

80





ERIK THIMEY

BOSTON

RING IN THE NEW

JANUARY, 1940



NORA DUMAS

PARIS

BASSE COUTURE

CORONET

82



GUSTAVE G. TÓTH

NEW YORK

## GROWTH OF THE SOIL

JANUARY, 1940



KURT LUBINSKI

NEW YORK

# BOTTOMS UP

CORONET



BRASSAI

PARIS

# LE JAZZ HOT

JANUARY, 1940



DON WALLACE

CHICAGO

## HIGH SCHOOL

CORONET



# KIDS WANT THEM KILLED

HENRY MacRAE OPERATES ON THE PREMISE  
THAT CHILDREN ARE SAVAGES AT HEART



ALMOST anyone who was a child when movies were in their childhood has one unforgettable image printed on his mind. It is the image of Pearl White, strapped to a conveyor, being carried head-on toward a whirling buzz-saw. The fiendish villain stands at the lever.

Whether the hero seized the lever and stopped the saw, or whether he wrenched Pearl from the carrier just as the saw split her first hairs, may be forgotten. The terrifying image remains, perhaps to provide a few interesting cases for psychoanalysts.

That scene could not be repeated in the serials of today. The man who made the original thrillers with Pearl White and Ruth Roland and Eddie Polo and Jack Holt is celebrating a quarter of a century in the business by making more of the same but not quite the same. Henry MacRae, the Serial King, tells how he would do the buzz-saw scene in modern times:

"You can't do it like in the old days. That would be too crude. If you showed that gag of tying Pearl to the carrier and pulling the lever, the kids would whistle and jeer in the theatres. The kids are too smart for that, now. The way we'd do it now, we'd have Pearl running around somewhere maybe on the floor above, running away from the villains, and she'd trip on a bum plank and fall through a break in the floor, landing on that carrier, maybe knocked out by the fall, so she couldn't save herself while it carried her on to the buzz-saw."

That, in essence, is Mr. MacRae's concession to the intellectuality of modern children.

Because children are still savages, though they may be slightly more sophisticated savages, the tendency in serials has been to smooth out motivation and fancify background without depriving the young savages of the thrills of violence and erasure. Erasure is the

child idea of death. And, for the child, death, when presented in the play-sense, has no emotional value. Therefore serials peppered with deaths are in themselves not shocking, though some educators believe they cannot help but breed callousness. Scenes of torture and horror, such as used to abound in serials, have largely disappeared.

There is even a way of eliminating death, while retaining the element of erasure. This trick is utilized in the most recent MacRae serials — the Buck Rogers epics, dealing with inter-planetary warfare five centuries hence. The favorite weapon is a force-gun, and Buck usually gives his enemies no more than a demi-charge, which knocks them out but does not kill them. Similarly, in *The Phantom Creeps*, a serial about a power-mad scientist, the chief weapon is an extract which induces suspended animation, rather than death.

MacRae is frankly dubious about these gentler erasures. He believes the box office will bear out his contention that "the kids want them killed." Perhaps psychologists will agree with him on the basis of some primitive wish for completion, finality. Anyway, nothing is so certain at the Saturday afternoon box-office as an old-fashioned Western serial, with In-

dians splendidly biting the dust.

Every year, among the four serials which Henry MacRae supervises for Universal Pictures, there is one Western. And every year, when productions are being planned, MacRae asks the salesmen: "What do you want, an old-style Western or a modern Western?" They invariably respond, "Give us the old style, Mac, that's what the kids want."

Indeed, it was an old-style Western which saved the coming generation for the cinema at a critical moment in motion picture history, just ten years ago. At that time, sound was overwhelming the industry; due to microphone difficulties, early sound pictures were made mostly on small sets, and the material consisted largely of stage plays with lots of talk and little action, directly transferred to the screen.

Children were bored. And soon, children no longer cared about going to the movies. It looked as if an entire generation would grow up without the movie taste. For the object of the serial, be it remembered, is not only to make money on itself: the fuller object is to give children the movie-going habit.

In 1929, the industry was so confused about what to make for

adults that it neglected the children altogether. And outdoor sound, for Westerns, was still a problem.

The late Carl Laemmle had been saving something for just such an emergency. He was saving a title: *The Indians Are Coming*. Mr. Laemmle had thought up this picture title and cherished it for many years; but in that trying transition period he felt the time had come to part with it. So he called in Henry MacRae and said, "Mac, you can have my title for a serial."

MacRae went to work, attacking the sound problem as he had attacked so many technical difficulties, from the earliest days of the industry. He who had invented dust storms and skyscraper fires was able to get horses' hoofs and coyote howls successfully onto the soundtrack. And Mr. Laemmle proved right about his treasured title. *The Indians Are Coming* grossed around a million dollars, tops for serials. But it did more than that. As Will Hays wrote, in a testimonial letter to Henry MacRae, it "brought back 20,000,000 children to the theatre." It brought them back with the old lure; and those children, grown up, are still customers for *The Indians Are Coming* today—only today the title is *Stagecoach*. But while children and

adults will always take a certain amount of the staple diet—Westerns—novelty is an essential in serial as well as in feature fare.

One way to keep up with novelties in child-taste is by studying the trend in toys, songs, books, comic strips. When looking for a new idea for a serial, Henry MacRae goes to the public library and asks what children's books are out. These are the ones the kids pick for themselves. He finds out the trends in toy departments—whether for war toys, or animal toys, or mechanical toys.

In the past few years, cartoon strips have provided the most fertile backgrounds for serials, with radio stories coming up fast. Flash Gordon, the first of the modernistic serials, and one of the most successful money-makers ever turned out, started the cartoon strip rage; Universal is following up with Buck Rogers, Republic has the rights to Dick Tracy, and other popular strips are being sold for films. Republic Pictures, Universal's rival in the serial field, first exploited the Lone Ranger of radio fame, but Universal has the contract for the Ranger this year. Republic is stepping out with *Fu Manchu*.

Though themes and backgrounds of serials have changed,

basic action remains the same. In the old days, the villains were rustlers, Indians, or maybe spies. Now, with the child mind full of the latest news, the villains may also be racketeers or dictators.

Child psychologists—Henry MacRae professes not even to know the meaning of the term—regard futurist films of the Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers type as the preferable trend in serials, for several reasons. First, such films stimulate the child imagination with creative rather than exclusively destructive thoughts; instead of dreaming of goblins and witches the child dreams of man's possible conquest of space. Secondly, brutality is reduced. As has been observed, the weapons do not necessarily cause death; and there is no blood. Thirdly, ideas of liberty are emphasized. The story of Buck Rogers, for instance, deals with the time when Killer Kane, the master dictator, has conquered the entire world except for the Hidden City, where Buck Rogers and his friends maintain resistance and ultimately win the fight for liberty.

These futurist serials, making use of the cinema's powers of infinite extension, into other worlds and other realities, bring the film full circle back to its very earliest

uses, in such fantasies as *The Voyage to the Moon*, made in France by Méliès. Many film critics have pointed out that the movies have too long neglected to utilize the vast possibilities of the medium for sheerly imaginative creations, and that the true art of the cinema lies in just such escape from reality; for this reason, highbrow critics praise *The Wizard of Oz* as an adult rather than a children's film. And indeed, the Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers epics have brought many grown-up fans back to the serial, and it would take no great effort to produce a cult, among intellectuals, for this type of thing.

In spite of the fact that the serial is a sure thing from a business point of view, most of the major studios do not engage in this enterprise. For the market is limited, and the technique is difficult. A smooth, fast-working crew is required.

The average budget for a serial is less than that of a class B feature; a twelve-to fifteen-part epic will cost from \$150,000 to \$200,000. While these episodes add up to three times the footage of an ordinary feature, less total footage is exposed in filming a serial than in filming a feature, for the reason that fewer "takes" are made. A

serial director will shoot a scene twice or three times, or maybe only once, whereas a feature director will take a scene from six to twenty times.

Theatre exhibitors will pay from five to fifteen dollars per episode for serials, depending on the size of their theatres; first-run houses may pay more. But the same exhibitors will pay from fifteen to three hundred dollars for the weekly feature. However, as the serial may have as many as fifteen episodes, it will bring in a total rental of from seventy-five dollars to \$225 per theatre, which compares quite favorably with feature film rental. There is a limitation of market. Whereas a good feature may sell as many as 8,000 theatres, a serial does well to sell half as many. The life of a serial is about five years.

At present, Universal, Columbia, and Republic supply the bulk of all episode thrillers, with Henry MacRae of Universal acknowledged as king. MacRae supervises four epics annually—enough to supply one episode a week to customer-theatres. He has made serials glorifying Boy Scouts, police, firemen, coast guards, rangers. MacRae selects the subjects, outlines the stories, thinks up most of the thrills. Thrills are less brutal

than they used to be. The Hays office and the supervisors of women's clubs are rather queasy about such episodes as the one in an old-time thriller, where the hero was thrown into a tankful of snakes. Nor can MacRae repeat the stunt he had in a war serial called *Liberty*, where the proud hero's bared chest was branded with a U.S. brand, and the smoking flesh was shown. However, Indians still bite the dust.

One of the beloved eccentrics of Hollywood, MacRae is a short man with a huge head, and the look of a Bowery politician. He adapts his directorial costume and his drinks to the epic in hand; thus, while making an African episode, he may give the crew a treat by coming on the set attired in sun helmet and tiger skin, to mix them a jug of what he calls jungle juice. Such little amenities relieve the monotony of chase and trap and escape.

In his time, the Serial King has worked with practically every big-name actor and director in Hollywood; he was four times head of Universal Studios, and it was MacRae who discovered Rudolph Valentino, giving him his first bit part as a dancer in a Mae Murray picture called *Peacock Alley*. But he has gone back completely to

his old love. Let the others make the million-dollar features. He is quite content to reign as the Serial King.

And if child psychologists want to preach how Buck Rogers stimulates the imagination and teaches love of liberty, if child psychologists want to prove that this intriguing new style serial is far superior to such murderous Westerns as the *Oregon Trail*, which

keep kids tense on the edge of their seats, biting their fingernails, why, that's okay with Henry MacRae.

He enjoys making all kinds of serials: the new serials of futurist marvels as well as the old time Westerns. He isn't really concerned about child psychology. He is the man who brought 20,000,000 kids back to the theatre.

—MARTIN LEWIS

### BIG-HEARTED OSCAR

**I**S THERE a castle in England without its ghost?

Scotch castles rival the English castles and no place can really be distinguished without a first-class reappearing ghost. Some years ago, during a week end in one of the borderland castles, the guests began relating stories of old English ghosts. Some of them were quite amazing and some were filled with supernatural events that defied all reason.

Finally Oscar Wilde, who had been silent a long time, related what he thought the best ghost story he knew. It was growing dark and when the story was finished the lamps were quickly brought into the room, for he had woven a spell of mystery over all his listeners. And it seemed almost as though the ghost himself were present among them.

"You're writing that story?" asked a young woman novelist, who some

years later became the wife of John Lane, the publisher.

"No, madam," Wilde replied. "I have no intention of writing that story."

"Ah, what a pity." And with this last remark the guests went in to dinner. When the meal was finished the young lady novelist again approached Wilde and said: "Are you certain you could never be tempted to write that story?"

"No, madam. I assure you, I will never write that story."

"Then would you object if anyone else wrote it?"

"No. Not at all."

When the week end was over the lady went to Flanders to write the story. But a day or two after beginning work on it she received a cable from a friend in London: "Keep off that story. Dickens wrote it."

—MANUEL KOMROFF



# THE WOODEN FUNERAL

EVERYBODY ASSUMED COUSIN JABEZ AND COUSIN  
NAOMI WERE BORN TO A LIFETIME OF RIVALRY



COUSIN JABEZ WINPENNY always saved the wooden funeral till the very last. Only after you had examined all his muskets and samplers and andirons, hefted each of his truly remarkable collection of walking-sticks, oh-ed over his saltglaze teapots and Sandwich glass, and ah-ed over his Wedgwood and Staffordshire, would he take you into the back room of his shop with an air of mystery and pride that seemed somehow mixed with sorrow.

"There!" he would exclaim, pointing the stubby bit of his pipe at the funeral. Then he would ram the pipestem recklessly through the drooping tendrils of his gray moustache, clamp down on it with his teeth somewhere behind the luxuriant adornment, and fix you defiantly with his small blue eyes through a cloud of diabolic smoke. "Ain't another like it in the hull of New England!"

No doubt there wasn't. It was quite unlikely that more than one

Yankee whittler of bygone days should have had such a detailed and morbid conception as that of an entire, miniature funeral procession, "complete," as Cousin Jabez put it, "with plumes for the horses and an extra pocket-handkerchief for each of the mourners!"

"Complete . . . !" That was the word which inevitably brought forth a revelation of the sorrow in Cousin Jabez Winpenny's pride; for the wooden funeral was not really complete. The very reason for its being—the *pièce de résistance*, so to speak—was missing. When he was satisfied with your gasping admiration, Cousin Jabez would slide back the lid of the coffin and reveal its lamentable emptiness.

"I've searched the country!" he would say desolately; but as soon as you attempted to commiserate with him, he would stiffen, tilt back his head haughtily, and jerk a long, contemptuous thumb in the direction of the street.

"She doesn't have anything to

compare with it—corpse or no corpse!”

*She* was Cousin Naomi Channing, Cousin Jabez’s competitor. She ran her own little antique shop across the street.

Old-timers in the village would tell you that the rivalry between Cousin Naomi and Cousin Jabez was not limited to business. Since earliest childhood, they had been mortal enemies. Cousin Jabez had always been lean, quick, handsome, and clever; while Cousin Naomi had never been able to overcome a tendency toward corpulence and colorless stolidity. In his day, Cousin Jabez had been a bit of a rake; while, beneath the comfortable upholstery of Cousin Naomi’s ample body, stalked the gaunt skeleton of New England Puritanism. They were exact opposites. Yet they were always in competition. From the night, years ago, when calls came simultaneously to Doctor Sprague for the delivery of babies in the Winnepenny and Channing homes, until the day when they both opened antique shops on Main Street, they seemed destined to vie with each other for their lives and their livelihood.

The acquisition of the wooden funeral was decidedly a victory for Cousin Jabez. Cousin Naomi had

nothing remotely like it indeed.

*She* showed no regret, no envy. *She* remained the same, plump, impassive little woman that *she* had always been, blinking her eyes rapidly as *she* waited for her customers to make up their minds, holding delicate china in her thick, clumsy hands in a way that made them gasp, and then dismissing them with a grunt of disapproval when they hinted they would like to see what Mr. Winnepenny had across the street before they made their purchases.

Cousin Jabez, on the other hand, never ceased to gloat over his unique possession; and, for many years, he refused to sell it.

“You wouldn’t buy a clock without a mainspring, would you?” he would ask potential purchasers.

But his real reason for declining to sell the funeral was that, with its passing, would pass also the superiority of his shop over Cousin Naomi’s.

“*Her?*” he would exclaim, when customers murmured something about a wish to see what Miss Channing had to display in her little store across the street. “Oh, I wouldn’t waste my time there, if I was you! *She* doesn’t have anything, you can be sure! *She* hasn’t got a wooden funeral!”

Then, one day, unexpectedly, the missing corpse from Cousin Jabez Wimpenny's coffin turned up in the possessions of old Miss Hosmer, who had died at last in her farmhouse on the hill.

An auctioneer came down from Boston and set himself up on the front porch of the farmhouse, with all the late Miss Hosmer's worldly goods gathered about him. Cousin Jabez and Cousin Naomi were there, of course. So was the wooden corpse. So was everyone who lived within thirty miles of the Hosmer place. Cousin Jabez was excited, his blue eyes flashing. Cousin Naomi sat placidly in a front seat on the lawn, her pudgy hands folded over her pudgy pocketbook. The long-lost corpse lay indifferently in a corner amid a pile of bric-a-brac. The townspeople were breathless, eager for the fun to begin.

"*She* won't get it! You can be sure of that!" Cousin Jabez said to everyone within hearing, patting the roll of bills in his pocket confidently.

Cousin Naomi said nothing. She just sat.

The auctioneer sold the big pieces first: a four-poster bed—"Maybe George Washington slept in it when he was here!" he said—then another four-poster—"May-

be George Washington found the other bed uncomfortable and moved into this one in the middle of the night!"—then a Sheraton table—then a spinning wheel—then a pair of andirons.

Cousin Naomi Channing bought a great many things, valuable things that she wanted. But Cousin Jabez Wimpenny bought nothing. Everyone smiled. Cousin Jabez had always been the smarter of the two, and he had certainly out-smarted Cousin Naomi this time. The roll of bills in his pocket was intact, while Cousin Naomi's fat pocketbook had shrunk considerably.

"There!" the auctioneer said, when everything was gone but the pile of bric-a-brac in the corner. "That's the hull of it, I reckon."

"All but the wooden corpse!" Cousin Jabez shouted gleefully, looking sidewise at Cousin Naomi.

The auctioneer was puzzled, until he saw Cousin Jabez Wimpenny's long, pointed forefinger.

"Oh, that junk!" he said then, with a shrug. "Miss Naomi Channing came down to Boston yesterday and offered me such a good price for the lot that I decided to let it go to her without putting it on the block."

★ ★ ★

When you go into Cousin Jabez

Winpenny's antique shop now, he still saves the wooden funeral till the very last. Only after you have examined all his muskets and samplers and andirons, hefted each of his walking-sticks, oh-ed over his saltglaze teapots and Sandwich glass, and ah-ed over his Wedgwood and Staffordshire, will he take you to the back room.

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"Mrs. Winpenny brought me that with her dowry, when she closed her shop and came over here," he explains.

Only then do you see Cousin Naomi sitting stolidly in the shadows; and you can't be sure which has the look of greater satisfaction—she or her husband.

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literature but is nevertheless quite untrue.

41. *True.* This curious habit has been the subject of much speculation among ornithologists.

42. *False.* Woodchucks emerge from their hibernation at various dates, depending upon weather and numerous other factors. Groundhog Day is faithfully observed only by the newspapers.

43. *False.* Snakes do not possess hypnotic powers, despite popular opinion to the contrary.

44. *False.* It is not the adult clothes-moth, but the larva, which feeds on our garments.

45. *True.* The singing ability of some mice is probably due to structural modification of the vocal apparatus. Mammalogists have often heard (and even recorded) this curious flute-like trilling in the tones of c and d.

46. *False.* These are among the very worst trees under which to camp, as they have exceptionally brittle branches which frequently break and fall, rendering the camper's life at least uncomfortable.

47. *True.* The Indians discovered this, and modern science tends to confirm it. Experiments indicate that trees "poor in fat" oppose less resistance to the electric current of lightning than do trees which are "rich in fat."

48. *True.* In the wild state, red foxes and silver foxes are sometimes even found in the same litter.

49. *True.* The sound is made by a sudden blowing of breath through the nostrils.

50. *False.* Spiders are indeed beneficial, but they are not to be classified as insects. They are, correctly, arachnids.

## RECOGNITION

SASCHA GUITRY and a female companion entered a first-class compartment of a train in which smoking was prohibited. He took out a large black cigar, after observing the smug *bourgeois* who was seated opposite him, and lit it. His neighbor protested and when Guity did not heed his warning he called the conductor. "This man is smoking," he informed that official. "Yes," acquiesced Guity, "I am smoking, but before you receive his complaint will you please inquire if he

has a first-class ticket?" Shamefacedly the man revealed that his ticket was for the second-class car and he was obliged to retire. "But how did you know that he had a second-class ticket?" his friend asked him when the conductor had departed.

"When he opened his wallet a little while ago, I noticed that his ticket was exactly the same color as my own," responded Guity, puffing imperturbably away at his cigar.

—ALBERT ABARBANEL

# A NOTE ON IRVING BERLIN

HIS CLIMB TOOK HIM ALL THE WAY TO THE TOP,  
TRAILING NOT A SINGLE DELUSION OF GRANDEUR



*Come on and hear,  
Come on and hear,  
Alexander's Rag-time Band . . .*

The American people came and heard. And what they heard shuffled in the Jazz Age, set the shoulders of the world a-swaying.

In 1911, Enrico Caruso was singing the role of Dick Johnson in Puccini's *Girl of the Golden West*, Gerry-flappers were crowding the golden horse-shoe, a young lady named Alice Brady—the apple of her daddy's eye—was making a tentative appearance in Gilbert and Sullivan's *Pinafore*, E. H. Southern played Petruchio in *Taming of the Shrew*, McIntyre and Heath, Gallagher and Shean, Julian Eltinge and Jim Corbett were standard vaudeville names.

Bobbed hair, a lady's knee, the Charleston, the doughboys, radio, talkies and *Yes! We Have No Bananas* had yet to make their appearance. Ragtime, jazz and swing were not in the dictionary. Jerome Kern and Cole Porter were un-

knowns. Irving Berlin was just beginning the career that was to make history, even for Tin Pan Alley. Not many years before, at the age of four, he had landed at the Battery, crowded with his family into a Monroe Street basement. In Czarist Russia his father had been a cantor. Here he became a kosher butcher.

"All I remember of the Russia where I was born is the excitement of one terrifying night: I lay on a blanket beside a road and saw the darkness shrinking back from the flames of my burning home. By daylight, the village was ashes."

Today, comfortable and at ease in his East End Avenue apartment, husband to Ellin Mackay, a neighbor to the Astors, the Pierces, the Raskobs and the Tibbetts—the former Izzy Baline remains tops in his business, acknowledged so by his peers. "It's not a question of genius but of luck," he says. "I became a song-writer by acci-

dent." It was his lyrics that brought him, post-haste and somewhat breathless, to tune-making. He took a jingle—*Dorando*—to the Ted Snyder offices, where an official glanced over the rhymes, pondered a bit and looked up: "I suppose you've got a tune to this?"

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*All Alone*; a bewildered stranger, occupation unknown, *Say It with Music*.

He never writes anything in longhand but his signature on a check. Everything else he prints. His pet aversions are riveters and second verses. Of his eight hundred tunes, his favorite is *The Song Is Ended But the Melody Lingers On*. Of all songs, he'd like to have authored *The Rosary*. The motto on a portfolio containing all his tunes reads:

*Let me be a troubadour  
And I will ask for nothing more  
Than one short hour or so  
To sing my song and go.*

He's dark, small, ordinary-looking, quick of movement — with oversized ears. He could be taken for the owner of a haberdashery. In public, he's taciturn, retiring—strangers say morose. He seems absorbed in his own thoughts. Actually, he's shy. Crowds frighten him.

At home, he's easy-going, cordial, wrapped up in his work and his daughters. He carries his success casually. He has never worn a diamond, a pearl tie pin occasionally. His patent leathers have more creases than his brow. He's frank and honest, doesn't build himself up to himself. He knows that the barker in the Chinatown

bus still points out Nigger Mike Salter's place on Pell Street, where he was a singing waiter and learned to dodge damp beer cloths. He says he had to marry into society to get back on the East Side.

The stories of his gear-shift piano, which will play in any key merely by twisting a crank, are true. It still makes amends for the boss's lack of education, offsets his inability to play in more than one key. On it, he thumps out his tunes to a stooge who puts down what he hears. While composing, he smokes and chews gum; he does neither when not working. Nothing is more exciting to Berlin than making music, fitting tunes to timely lyrics—as native to us as the hot-dog and baseball—lyrics in the idiom of the sidewalks.

From *Sadie Salome, Go Home*—his comic burlesque of the Dance of the Seven Veils from Salome—to his Armistice Day hymn for Kate Smith, *God Bless America*, he has turned out a more consistent series of hits than any other songwriter. And he's still at it. Right now he's wondering what the new war song will be. Secretly, he hopes to write it. With all the sophistication of the naïve-at-heart, he's still calling: *Come on and hear, Come on and hear . . .*

—CARLETON SMITH

## ABOUT LOUIS KAEF

A NOTE ON A CHICAGOAN WHOSE  
PICTURES HAVE THE GIFT OF GAB



*Belmont Harbor*

LOUIS J. KAEF as artist is a realist over and above being anything else — a statement, to be sure, that says so much that it conveys nothing. It would be more practical to arrive at the source of his realism.

To begin with, he achieves his realities with a maximum of economy. He limits his palette to but a few colors and he simplifies his drawing to the point of bluntness. What is left is a great deal: a spontaneity of animation, a vividness of atmosphere and an immediacy of human communication.

He sets out to achieve not, by any means, camera realism but a restless approximation of life. His style would have to be described as sketchy but that is beside the point. A few pertinent slashes of color can result in a delineation more true to reality than the most painfully detailed composition.

Mr. Kaef can paint you an atmosphere that means what it says and says what it means. He is subtle at catching and conveying the spirit of a place. These reproductions are full of recognition value even to those who have



BURLESQUE



RUSH STREET



ELECTION DAY, 42ND WARD

never seen their real life counterparts. Critic Irwin St. John Tucker once commented on a Kaep water color as follows:

"Clovelly I do not know, nor have I heard of anyone who does; but Louis Kaep's Clovelly of the purple roofs, wherever it may be, becomes very near in his presentation. Its square church tower and its distant glint of sea, its gardens and bluff-shouldered hills somehow seem to breathe the very

air of that place and no other."

Kaep has been a Chicagoan since 1919, and his artistic roots have never strayed far from the Middle West, although he has traveled extensively enough. He was born in Dubuque, Iowa, and received his primary school education and first art instruction there. The tree, however, did not really begin to incline in the direction the twig was bent until after he reached college age. While at-



### TAXI DANCE

tending Columbia College he noticed that he was subtracting increasingly generous portions of time from his studies for allocation to his sketching. The logical result was that he shortly found himself in one of the classes of the Art Institute of Chicago.

He polished that door so carefully that soon he was the ruler of the class. At any rate, from being a student he progressed, under the tutelage of Frederick V. Poole, to

the position of assistant instructor. He next tried his hand at advertising art, and again the Gilbert and Sullivan formula worked. Within a few years he became one of those glorified creatures known as art directors, though he still preserved his status of fine arts artist during spare hours. Gradually, in the intervening years, he settled into his harness and pulled toward the objective that he has since largely achieved. —B. G.



## ADULT BONERS

*We Should Laugh at the Youngsters!*

WHEN the foreman of a jury in a Greenville, South Carolina, criminal court announced the verdict "Guilty," a lawyer leaped to his feet

and vigorously demanded a new trial. "Just a minute," interrupted Judge Oscar Hodges, "This is not the jury in your case."

★ ★ ★

DON'T you know the state law says you must stop at all railroad crossings?" Nebraska's highway patrolman Leo Knudtson demanded of a gasoline truck driver who had just speeded over the Rock Island railroad crossing near Superior. "What

railroad crossing?" asked the driver. "I didn't see any tracks." Ordering him to walk back to look, the patrolman found, to his astonishment, that there weren't any. The line had been discontinued the day before, and the tracks had been torn up.

★ ★ ★

WHEN Nobel Prize winner Thomas Mann was due to give a lecture in San Francisco, his backers decided to ask for the use of the War Memorial Opera House because it had the largest auditorium in the city. To their

amazement their request was refused, "because," wrote the Opera House's Board of Trustees after a meeting, "no one present knew what Mr. Mann intended to talk about nor who he was."

★ ★ ★

A LETTER addressed to "Mr. Aaron Burr, Attorney General, New York City," who held office precisely one hundred and fifty years ago, was forwarded by the General Post Office to the present incumbent of that post, John T. Bennet, Jr. It

was an advertisement headed, of all places, Cleverdale, New York, promoting the advantages of a newly opened hotel. Presumably the mailer used the Legislative Manual and got the Burr name from the list of the State's Attorney Generals!

★ ★ ★

THE entire state of California is feeling depressed these days because of a letter to Miss Lois Tomer, of Hanford, from an English school

friend, acknowledging a gift of a box of oranges. "Are these good for eating?" queried the English miss.

—ZETA ROTHCHILD

## A PORTFOLIO OF PERSONALITIES

### DR. E. A. SUTHERLAND

THIRTY-SEVEN years ago, Dr. E. A. Sutherland sank all his worldly goods into a patch of farmland with a couple of ramshackle buildings, and announced to an astonished world that the buildings were to be a college and the farm its means of support. He rounded up eleven pupils and a few other persons who consented to be called a faculty. He didn't want students able to pay tuition; he wanted those who couldn't afford an education at other institutions. Hours of education were to be traded for hours of work on the farm. Today Madison College, near Nashville, Tennessee, has 400 students, 900 acres, and 120 buildings constructed by students from materials gathered off the farm. A strong religious atmosphere prevails. Smoking and drinking are prohibited. Tea and coffee not made from soy beans are banned. Among the campus industries are the health-food factory, dairy, bakery, broom factory, and the sanitarium, which brings the largest income. Into its 100 beds go a steady stream of patients from all over the country who are dieted on soy foods. Here girls get nurse's training, boys pre-medical work. With its 27 industries, the college pays its way with no gifts, no endowments, almost no tuition, and doesn't owe a dime to the world.



*DR. E. A. SUTHERLAND*

JANUARY, 1940



JACKSON

### *MRS. VICTORIA DREYFUS*

*WHOSE ONE-TON PET IS RATED THE GREATEST OF HIS BREED*

**B**RISK, feminine Mrs. Victoria Dreyfus is the world's only woman breeder of draft horses. A geneticist of wide repute, she carries into her work scientific knowledge, long experience and a great love for animals. She has raised many grand champions, including Koncarcalyps, greatest living Percheron sire, 68 of whose sons head purebred herds. They are direct descendants of the creatures in Rosa

Bonheur's renowned canvas. Mrs. Dreyfus imported her first 50 animals from France's "Perch" countryside. Docile in spite of their awe-inspiring size, they are the type of horse that carried crusading knights (in armor equaling the weight of the kitchen stove) toward the Holy Land. Completely wrapped up in the world of horses, Mrs. Dreyfus rides for recreation, collects antique china equines,



## BREWSTER MORGAN

WHO IS HELPING RADIO OUTGROW ITS INTELLECTUAL KNEE-BREECHES

IN TURNING down Joe Miller's reference book as a perfect medium of entertainment, producer Brewster Morgan is helping to bring radio, a jazz-adoring adolescent, nearer to maturity. Considering fallacious the theory that listeners average to the mentality of children, his programs adroitly sugar-coat and dramatize educational features. One of them, *Americans at Work*, brings to the air

men at their jobs in various fields and professions. Morgan went aloft to broadcast with a stunting test pilot, braved the "bends" to catch "sand hogs" at work. Former holder of a Rhodes Scholarship, Morgan prizes his letters from G.B.S., is a steeple-chasing enthusiast. His most gruesome radio experience was cutting off a singer "hanging Danny Deever" to tell of Hauptmann's execution.



HAL MCALPIN

## WILLIAM MAHN

**WHO DOES BOTANICAL PRESTIDIGITATION FOR MOTION PICTURE SETS**

UNLIKE an ordinary greenhouse keeper, William Mahn, head greenman at Paramount Studio, must be a composite of magician, technician and nurse. He is called upon to supply, sometimes at a moment's notice, flora from every section of the globe. And he must be sure that his botanical sets are authentic in minute detail lest deviations from nature be pointed out to the studio via the mails by hordes of scandalized botanists. The federal and two state governments went to Mahn's aid in furnishing a freight car full of old Spanish moss for *The Buccaneer* sets. Mahn's most difficult task is trying to revive plants suffering from effects of Technicolor lights, which are death to growing things. Recently he devised a green dye which photographs a light, natural shade instead of near black—a boon to the artificial grass and flowers section of his domain. Mahn learned gardening from the late Milton Sills, horticulture professor who turned film star.



## MERWIN CAMPBELL

*WHO ORIGINATED THAT  
QUAINT WESTERN SPORT,  
THE RATTLESNAKE DERBY*

A SNAKE in the grass (literal or figurative) is anathema to most of us; the literal of the species is a thing of beauty to Merwin Campbell. He snares live rattlesnakes for fun and profit, combing Pecos River Valley, New Mexico, for the reptiles. He used to shoot them with a rifle he carried on his oil scouting trips, but that became too tame. With a snake rod of his own design he has, in the past fifteen years, captured more than 7,000 specimens, many of them six feet long. The largest was a seven-footer. And he makes his odd hobby pay. Carnivals and zoos take the live rattlers. Tourists buy whole tanned hides, purses, bill-folds, neckties, belts, hatbands and jackets made from skins. In 1936 Campbell held the world's first Rattlesnake Derby, now an annual event in Carlsbad, New Mexico, for which he keeps a stable of 200 racing entries, with poison fangs intact. The lucky spectator holding a ticket on the winning snake gets a prize of \$500.



WILL DOWNER



## ANDREW EMERINE

*WHO TAKES A POSTMAN'S HOLIDAY BY PUTTERING WITH TOY BANKS*

**I**N THE days when thrift was held before the young as a primary and heaven-insuring virtue, there was a quiet but fierce little competition among makers of toy banks. "Still banks" did not, understandably, induce as much thrift as "mechanical banks" (with moving parts, like "The Mikado," above) which grew amusingly ingenious in design. Both types are now collectors' items and Andrew

Emerine, bank president of Fostoria, Ohio, has one of the finest groups extant. They fill a museum, number more than 1,700. Among them are most of the mechanicals, including such exclusives as "Red Riding Hood" and "The Whale and the Sewing Machine." Emerine learned about frugality when he earned money the hard way—harvesting. His busy home machine shop manifests his interest in mechanics.

# PLATITUDES FOR 1940

PERHAPS YOU THINK YOUR OWN NEW CALENDAR  
COULDN'T BE ANY DULLER, BUT JUST READ ON



I SHOULD like to get out a nice calendar. On each page would be a pretty picture, and an appropriate saying underneath. Here is what I have in mind:

## JANUARY

*Picture:* A man paying bills.

*Saying:* "This ought to be a good year. Anyhow it can't be worse than last."

## FEBRUARY

*Picture:* People knee-deep in snow.

*Saying:* "Did you ever see such a tough winter?"

## MARCH

*Picture:* A very windy scene.

*Saying:* "Well, it won't be long now before spring."

## APRIL

*Picture:* A very rainy day.

*Saying:* "How long is this rain going to keep up, anyhow?"

## MAY

*Picture:* A suburbanite, gardening.

*Saying:* "We're really going to work on our garden this year."

## JUNE

*Picture:* A fellow looking at a big

fistful of travel folders.

*Saying:* "Let's go somewhere different for vacation this year."

## JULY

*Picture:* A nice summer day.

*Saying:* "Is it hot enough for you?"

## AUGUST

*Picture:* A nice mountain resort.

*Saying:* "The days are hot, but we sleep under blankets every night."

## SEPTEMBER

*Picture:* Leaves falling.

*Saying:* "Did you ever see a summer go so fast?"

## OCTOBER

*Picture:* A football scene.

*Saying:* "They always give me punk seats."

## NOVEMBER

*Picture:* A dark, dreary sky.

*Saying:* "I shouldn't be surprised if we get some snow."

## DECEMBER

*Picture:* A crowded shopping scene.

*Saying:* "We positively won't give expensive presents this year."

—PARKE CUMMINGS

## THE GOOD TASTE TEST

### *A Comparative Study in Industrial Design . . . Comments on Page 125*

IT WAS only a few years ago that the modern industrial designer set out on one of the most holy of crusades. He set out to prove to the industrialists that there were profits in his preachments. He proved it. Today he is the pet of industry. On the following pages you get a taste of the now far-reaching influences of the industrial designer. His province is limitless. He designs teacups; he designs skyscrapers. (An architect is the apotheosis of the modern industrial artist.) On each of these pages you find a sample of an old design, and a sample of the great awakening. We tell you which is which. Unreasonably enough, you are asked to tell *why* the designer has done what he has done, *why* he has changed lines and shapes—and why he has, in so many cases, completely upset the old apple carts. It would be inadvisable to score yourself on this particular taste test, unless you are yourself an industrial designer. The layman is hardly expected to know all the answers that the expert designer has arrived at through years of research and trial and error. But if the layman will weigh the logic behind industrial design, he will not merely help smooth its path but assist in directing it into the best channels.



1. *Above is a tea set, any tea set; below is Russel Wright's contribution to the art of afternoon tea. How has Mr. Wright attempted to make the individual pieces in his set "belong" to one another? Why has he omitted all trace of decoration?*





2. Above is a fruit bowl, mail-order style; below is a bowl that Russel Wright has carved in wood. Why is the Wright bowl preferable as a decorative element in the household?





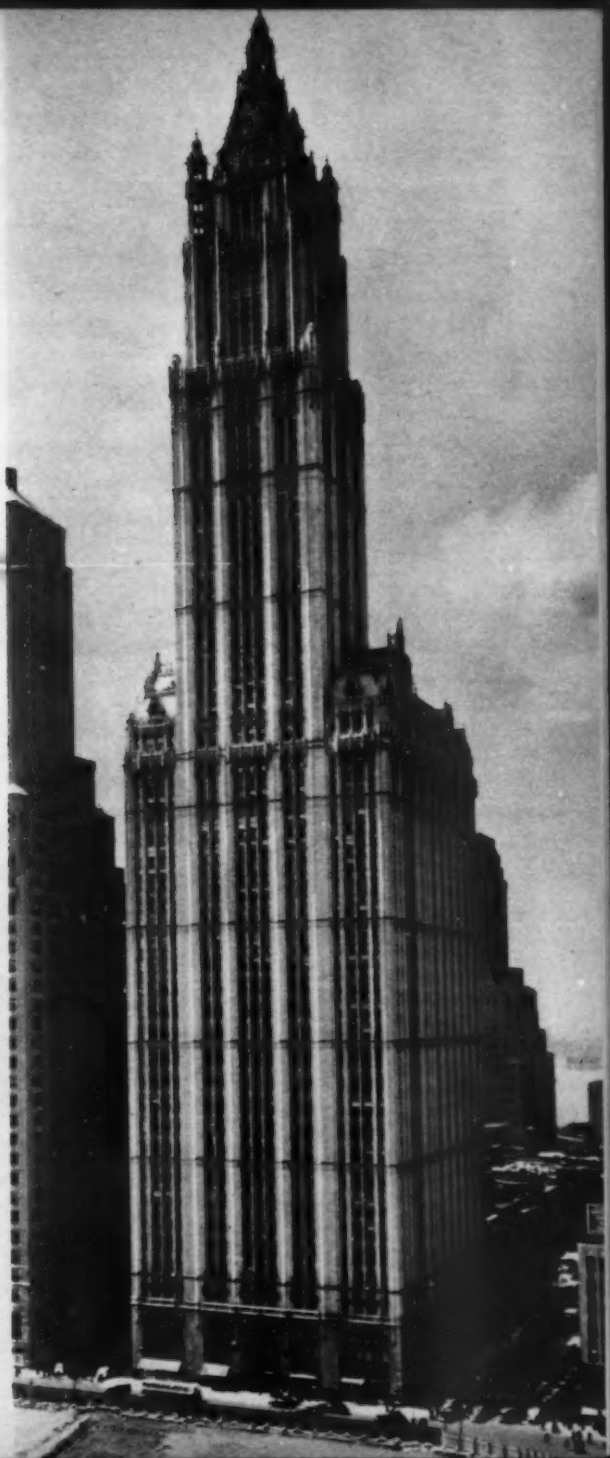


3. To the right is a commercial honey jar which was submitted to Gustav Jensen for general overhauling. Above is the jar which Jensen redesigned for the company. What is the main purpose of any package on the grocery shelf? Which of these better serves that purpose?



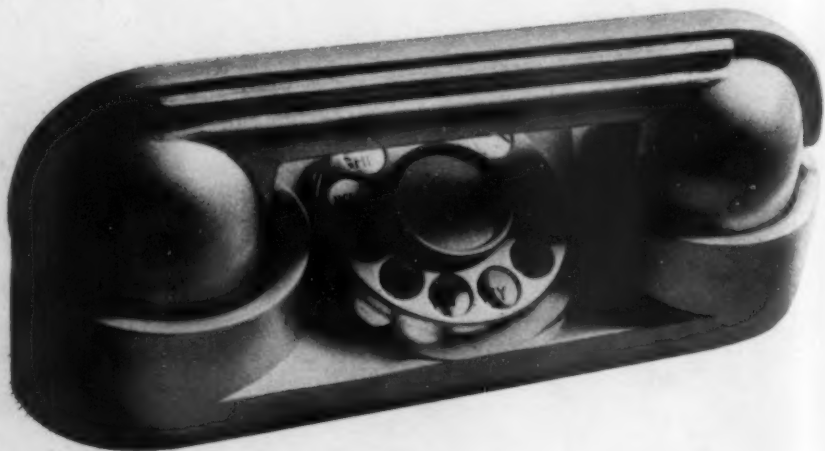


4. *On this page is the Woolworth Building, completed in 1912. On the opposite page is the RCA Building, Radio City, newest of Manhattan skyscrapers. Contrast these two giants and decide what architects have learned about skyscraper design in the intervening years. Why are there no ornaments on the RCA Building?*





5. Above is a type of telephone in wide use today. Below is one which Gustav Jensen designed and which may some day grace your home. Why does Jensen's phone have more symmetry? What has he added? What has he eliminated?



# GROTIUS: INTERNATIONAL SOLON

FEEBLE THOUGH ITS FLAME TODAY, THE TORCH  
OF HUMANITARIANISM HE LIT STILL BURNS



IN THESE days of international warfare, Machiavelli is a household name. Hugo Grotius, on the other hand, was a man of peace, an intellectual genius, a poet and a jurist as well as a diplomatist, sometimes known as the father of international law. But the average man has never heard of him. "The evil men do lives after them—"

Yet Grotius' contribution was not interred with his bones. He was among the first to condemn war as "brutish" and to inveigh against it as an all-important instrument of national policy. His great work, *The Rights of War and Peace*, helped—until the other day—to take much of the needless cruelty out of European warfare.

★ ★ ★

Hugo Grotius, or Hugo de Groot in Dutch, his native tongue, was born in Delft on Easter Sunday, April 10, 1583. He came of good family, and at a very early age displayed such precocity that he

was soon recognized as a prodigy. He was sixteen years old when he took the oath as lawyer and began to plead before the highest tribunals of the country.

The young Grotius spent the fall of 1604 and the spring of the following year in working out *De Jure Praedae*, or "The Law of Spoils," but he did not publish it. Then at twenty-four he was called to the attorney-generalship of his country and, financially secure with the stipend he was paid, he married and settled down.

Later, his country's difficulties in maritime commerce led him to go over his *De Jure Praedae* and to decide to publish chapter twelve of the manuscript. It appeared as *Mare Liberum* or "Freedom of the Seas." Here Hugo Grotius enunciated one of the most important international doctrines:

It is legal for any people to trade with any other people, said Grotius. Navigation is free to all because the air and the ocean, the

media penetrated in the course of navigation, are by nature free and the property of no one country. Nor can trade be reserved by title. For trade has no body and therefore cannot be possessed.

At the time, although acclaimed as the greatest genius in Europe, Hugo Grotius became involved in a religious controversy. The issues affronted men in high places and in 1618 Prince Maurice, active head of Holland, had him arrested at The Hague. The most brilliant mind in Europe was condemned to perpetual imprisonment and his estates were forfeited. On June 6, 1619 the gates of Loebestein, his prison, closed upon Hugo Grotius.

In this prison he wrote, first in Dutch and later in Latin, his *The Truth of the Christian Religion*, one of his most renowned works. Here he also composed his *Introduction to the Jurisprudence of Holland*. He translated from Euripides. He annotated Seneca's tragedies. As far as he could he lived at Loebestein the life of the scholar and thinker that he had been before his arrest.

On March 22, 1621, Hugo Grotius was safe in Antwerp. He had made his escape from Loebestein, with the aid of his wife, and now Grotius went to Paris. The King

of France graciously gave him both a pension and a safe conduct and the jurist started upon a new career. In 1623, living in the French countryside, he began his greatest work, *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*, or "The Rights of War and Peace." The dreadful Thirty Years' War, fought largely on religious grounds, was then raging in Europe.

In June, 1625, more than a century after Machiavelli's *The Prince*, that cold-blooded credo for men of ill-will, Grotius' *De Jure Belli ac Pacis* was published. It consisted of three parts: the first dealt with the right of war and with the different kinds of war; the second was concerned with the various causes of war; the third discussed the course of war, what is permissible in the name of conflict and what cannot be held permissible, and the conventions and treaties by which war is ended.

The book was not entirely original with Grotius, any more than *The Prince* was completely original with Machiavelli. What was important about Grotius' work was that it was written to check Europe's apparently insatiable lust for war, that it pointed the way to a "code," a system of international "ground rules" in warfare, that it dealt a blow to the theory that "All's fair in war." As



such it was the first great challenge to the Machiavellian philosophy.

It is difficult to prove that the book had an immediate effect upon the warriors of Europe. But the work was read and discussed in the chancellories of the continent and it did begin to affect the conduct of warfare. Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, "the lion of the North," greatly admired Hugo Grotius and when he was killed in 1632 was reported to have had with him a copy of *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*.

When Hugo Grotius was born his country had been at war; when he died on August 29, 1645 it was still engaged in its struggle for complete freedom. When he was born the sacking of cities, the slaughter of prisoners, the rape and massacre of non-combatants, and the violation of sacred treaty promises were almost everyday occurrences; when he died it was still common practice, but a few leaders were quoting Grotius and beginning to grumble against the

ignoring of the so-called rules of war.

There was no overnight reform but the suggestion that even warfare must abide by a code did take seed. In time it flowered in more humane treatment of the vanquished, in special consideration for non-combatants, in the covenants against particularly cruel forms of warfare. True, the War to End Wars, 1914-18, failed to abide by all the rules—the Kellogg-Briand Pact became a scrap of paper, the League of Nations was betrayed, and the Italo-Ethiopian and Spanish civil wars were fought with fine disregard for humanitarian principles. So, too, the Sino-Japanese War and the second World War which are raging today. But the largest part of the civilized world is heartily ashamed of such barbarity, and to that extent at least Grotius' work has not been undone. Admittedly this is a day when Machiavelli is the better known, but perhaps Grotius' day is still to dawn.—LOUIS ZARA

### ANSWERS TO TASTE TEST ON PAGES 116-122

1. Mr. Wright has tried to mould all the pieces of his tea set into one integrating line. This line is a combination of circle and curve. All the pieces in this set belong to one another

because this line ties them all together. In the upper tea set, however, if you were to remove the floral design (a rather trite and undistinguished adornment in itself), you would not

suspect that all the pieces came from the same set. In Mr. Wright's set you find the use of a principle which is growing more popular among designers—the absence of any painted design on pottery. The purpose is to let the surface of the pottery speak for itself.

2. The upper bowl is an invitation to trouble. It must first of all be fitted into the proper setting—probably Victorian. Its design is a triumph of disorganization, and the bowl itself can serve very few practical purposes before the wayward hand smashes it, in accident or despair. The wooden bowl, however, can fit into any number of settings and its practical uses are many. Also, it is unbreakable.

3. The prime purpose of a package is to catch the customer's eye. Immediately after Mr. Jensen's new design for this honey jar was put on the market, the sales of this product jumped 25 per cent. When he sat down to this job, Jensen went back to first principles—that a jar must be squat and it must stand solidly. Within this realm he created a shape that stands out on any grocer's shelf. In addition, the prismatic form of this Jensen jar (patented by John G. Paton Co., Inc.) manages to play tricks with the light that shines through, increasing what is known to the trade as "appetite appeal."

4. The Woolworth Building made use of a principle that has since been largely discarded. Its peak and much of its mid-section are loaded with ornament. Designers have since

learned that the naked eye cannot appreciate any rococo which reaches to the clouds. Instead of ornament, the designers of the RCA Building have made use of spotlighting. Notice here the patterns that the lights make on the building. This is only one of many variations. Such patterns, in their bold effects, can be seen for miles.

5. Jensen has taken the three circular elements of the telephone—mouthpiece, earphone and dial—and made of them a co-ordinated design consisting of three circles in complete harmony, joined by a straight line. There is no such co-ordination in the present type of telephone. The prongs which hold the receiver have no relation in line to the rest of the phone. The receiver of the phone, which is shaped like a lizard's back, is unattractive. There is no relationship between the pedestal of this telephone and the receiver. When you lift the receiver, the pedestal becomes a separate and unattractive mass. Both the receiver and pedestal of the Jensen phone (patented by Bell Telephone Laboratories, Inc.) are designed to co-ordinate when they are connected, and to hold their own when they are separated from each other. (It is Jensen's fixed belief that a beautiful telephone can do more good for the cause of culture than five or six Metropolitan Museums.) Note how the mouthpiece and earphone of the Jensen phone do not become receptacles for dust and dirt, because they are covered when not in use.

# AN ARTIFICIAL LANGUAGE

IF YOU WONDER WHETHER YOU HAVE LINGUISTIC ABILITY, THIS TEST WILL LEAVE LITTLE DOUBT



THERE is little question that proficiency in mastering foreign languages is a rather specialized knack. An aptitude for a language involves a talent for grasping a rather complicated, but not abstruse, system of rules. This test is designed to test that aptitude by creating an artificial language and asking you to master it within a short period of time.

## RULES OF GRAMMAR

The word order is as in English.

### Verbs:

1. All verbs are regular.
2. They are made plural by adding "is."
3. They are made past by adding "ip."
4. They are made future by adding "af."
5. Endings denoting plurality are added before endings denoting tense

### Nouns:

1. All nouns end in vowels.
2. Nouns over seven letters long are capitalized.

Allow yourself just fifteen minutes to read through the rules, vocabulary, and translate the short paragraph. You may refer to the vocabulary or rules as often as necessary. If you translate the paragraph with five errors or less, your score indicates that you are superior in linguistic aptitude. Correct translation will be found on page 133.

3. Nouns are made plural by adding "t."

### Personal pronouns:

1. The stem is "za."
2. "m" is added for first person.
3. "b" is added for second person.
4. "h" is added for third person.
5. They are made plural as are verbs, except that ending denoting plurality is last.
6. To make pronouns feminine, prefix with "fa."
7. To make them masculine, prefix with "ma."

### Adjectives:

1. Adjectives can be made from nouns by adding "l."

2. To make adjectives plural, drop the "t" and replace it with "kz," except in the case of numbers.

#### Adverbs:

Adverbs are made from adjectives by adding "b" to the singular form of the adjective.

The definite article is "gro" and agrees in number with its noun, adding "t" to become plural.

The indefinite article is always "na."

### VOCABULARY

#### Nouns:

ancient	.....	boko
bulb	.....	Sypotha
conversation	.....	Relrapa
egg	.....	fueo
executive	.....	memho
glass	.....	plato
hour	.....	lite
hourglass	.....	Liteplato
instrument	.....	Choplatomo
minute	.....	cenda
neck	.....	dolu
sand	.....	drugno
silver	.....	latema
telephone	.....	Nimrosuri

time	.....	rache
today	.....	tuehe
way	.....	gewe
wife	.....	memfe
world	.....	demno

#### Verbs:

to be	.....	pur
to compose	.....	atrapic
to cook	.....	saper
to join	.....	kuplazonap
to permit	.....	planz
to measure	.....	druz
to run	.....	whas
to time	.....	teiz
to use	.....	zuf

#### Prepositions:

from	.....	glanst
in	.....	phit
of	.....	lut
to	.....	atzo
with	.....	chit

#### Adjectives:

exact	.....	pratzel
rare	.....	hautel
new	.....	veril
small	.....	lempel
three	.....	redi
two	.....	klupe

## THE HOURGLASS

The ancients measured time with hourglasses. Two bulbs of glass compose the instrument. The bulbs join with a small neck. The neck permits silvery sands to run from bulb to bulb in an hour.

We (masculine) rarely use an hour-

glass today. Wives use small "hour-glasses" to time the eggs they cook. The small glasses measure exactly three minutes. Wordly executives use a small glass to time telephonic conversations. The world will use the hourglass in new ways.—W. J. GIESE

# THE STEWART FAMILY TREE

CHECKING UP ON THE ANTECEDENTS OF ONE  
OF THE MOST STORIED NAMES IN GENEALOGY



IT HAS been said upon good authority that anyone whose name is rightfully Stewart, Steuart, Stuart, Steward or Stuard, or who can show one of those names among his parents or grandparents, can assert without contradiction that he is descended from Scottish royalty or nobility. That is, he is descended either from an early Scottish king or from a brother, sister or cousin in some degree of that king—which means that he is entitled to walk up to King George of Britain any time he sees him and call him “cousin.” He may not be able to trace his own family line back across the ocean—most American Stewarts cannot—but he can rely upon its high quality. There was probably never a family in history which managed to get hold of so many titles.

The line goes back to the ancient Counts of Dol and Dinan in Brittany. Alan, a younger son of that house, at the beginning of

the eleventh century crossed to England and entered the service of King Henry I. His eldest son, William Fitz-Alan—which means the son of Alan, the only way they had of distinguishing one Bill from another then—became the ancestor of the Earls of Arundel and Dukes of Norfolk. The younger son, Walter Fitz-Alan, looking around for a good berth, decided to try Scotland. He must have been a good salesman, for when he had ridden up to Scotland, he succeeded in persuading David I, king of that wild country, to appoint him Great Steward of Scotland, one of the best jobs in the realm. The Great Steward had the handling of the Crown revenues and the supervision of the Royal household, and in time of battle he was entitled to ride at the head of the army, second only to His Majesty. The place evidently meant nice pickings, for Walter soon became wealthy; and when the Stewardship was made

hereditary in his family, nothing could have been lovelier.

When his grandson, the third Walter, came along, surnames were just coming into style, and Walter, like many another in England and Scotland, decided to adopt the name of his office, profession or trade as his family name. The word steward was always pronounced stewart in Scotland then, and the pronunciation eventually even changed the spelling of the name—though, oddly enough, the final “d” still survives in some cases.

In the course of two centuries the Stewarts had multiplied rapidly and were one of the wealthiest and most powerful families in the kingdom. Fighting off the English was a part of the daily life of the Scots then, and Walter, the sixth head of the clan, at twenty-one led his vassals at Bannockburn, where Robert I (the Bruce or Brus), with only 30,000 men, whipped Edward II and his 100,000 English, inflicting losses equal to Bruce's whole army. In the following year, Walter Stewart married the princess Marjory Bruce, the king's daughter, and their only son later ascended the throne as Robert II. Thus began the Royal Stewarts, to whom for five hundred years the Scots clung with a

sacrificing devotion unequaled elsewhere in history.

The alteration of the name to Stuart came about through the long alliance of Scotland with France. Sir John Stewart (son of the Duke of Albany and ancestor of that Lord Darnley who, more than a century later, married the unfortunate Mary of Scotland) entered the French king's service with a troop of fighting men in 1419 and did such valiant work against the English that he was made a French noble with a large estate, which his descendants owned until the line failed in 1672. The French have no use for the letter “w” in their language, so they spelled his name Steuart, which he shortened to Stuart. The famous Queen Mary also used the Stuart spelling. In her marriage with Darnley, she united two lines of Stewarts; their son became King James I of England and ancestor of the present British monarchs. Queen Anne, who died in 1714, was the last Stuart ruler of England. The really rightful heir to the throne, Prince Charles Edward—“Bonnie Prince Charlie”—and his brother, known as the Duke of York, lived on for many years afterward; in fact, York did not die until 1807. And with him died the last royal Stuart. There



is now living no descendant of the name through the *legitimate male* line—though there is no telling how many are descended through illegitimate sons and daughters of early kings.

Naturally, within two or three centuries after the appointing of the first Great Steward, there began to be many Stewart commoners. Stewarts, gentles and simples, were overflowing into northern Ireland as early as the sixteenth century, and in the seventeenth, religious troubles in Scotland forced many more to take refuge there. Thousands of our American Stewarts descend from Irish immigrants whose ancestors crossed the North Channel from Scotland into Ulster long before. Alexander T. Stewart, the nineteenth-century merchant prince of New York—whose big store is now Wanamaker's—born near Belfast, is an example.

James II of Scotland had an illegitimate son, Ninian. The eighth descendant from Ninian, James Stewart, born in Tyrone, Ireland, in 1706, emigrated to Wilmington, Delaware, and became the grandfather of that eminent Confederate commander in the Civil War and later college professor, General Alexander P. Stewart. Though General Stew-

art's royal blood came, as Shakespeare would put it, "something saucily," yet there it was, just as real as if Ninian's mother had been duly married in the kirk, back there in the fifteenth century.

The Stewarts and Stuarts, almost to a man, stood by their kinsman, Charles I of England when he became involved in civil war with his Parliament, and after his execution in 1649 they fought for his son. But Cromwell, the Puritan Führer, in two great battles at Dunbar and Worcester, crushed the hopes of young Prince Charles and brought ruin to thousands of his adherents. Estates were seized, many fled pell-mell to other countries, many taken prisoners were sold as servants into the colonies. Among them were of course many Stewarts who had made themselves conspicuous in the war, and some of these sold into service became American ancestors.

There are Stewarts and others living in America today who can trace their ancestral line indisputably back to a Scottish king, but never through a legitimate, unbroken line of ancestors *of the same name*. If legitimate, the line always shifts to some other family through a few generations. That

is, the male line somewhere failed to reproduce itself, but a female Stewart of that generation married into some other family, and her posterity, after a few generations married a Stewart again.

Such was the case of the late William Rhinelander Stewart, capitalist and philanthropist of New York. He could prove his royal Stewart blood, but his descent came most of the way through another grand old Scottish family, the Gordons. And there are the descendants of Patrick Stewart of Perthshire, too—who, “with six Argyllshire gentlemen and above three hundred common people,” emigrated to the Cape Fear River in North Carolina in 1739. Patrick was twelfth in descent from King Robert II of Scotland, but for two generations his line came through the Campbells. Then Helen Campbell married a Stewart, and there was the old family car back on the rails again, as good as ever. Patrick Stewart’s descendants spread through the Carolinas, into Tennessee and other Southern States, and not a few Americans of many names today proudly trace their tree through him back to Holyrood Palace in Edinburgh.

Seven years after Patrick’s migration, another group came to

the Cape Fear country. Following the Battle of Culloden in 1746, which forever ended Bonnie Prince Charlie’s hope for a return to power of the Stuart dynasty, a party of Stuarts, MacDonalds, MacNeils, MacKays, MacIntyres and others emigrated to America and settled near where Fayetteville, North Carolina, is now. As a matter of fact, the Stewarts who at various times crossed to this country, even those known to genealogists, were far too numerous even to hint at in an article of this length.

Just as an instance, the isolated peninsula of Kintyre, on the west coast of Scotland, sent dozens of them—three sons of Dugald Stewart, a tenant farmer, to Virginia about 1745 from which they pioneered some years later to Kentucky; a much larger party of young Kintyre farmers to settle around Fort Detroit in 1775; twenty-seven more in and around 1830, who settled near Columbus, Ohio, Rockford and Chicago, Illinois, and London, Ontario.

Finally, there are many Stewarts, Stuarts and Stewards in this country whose knowledge of their ancestry stops with some honest farmer, tailor, cooper or cordwainer in our own land in the seventeenth or eighteenth century. The

links beyond those grandsires are lost—though the hope that they may eventually be found need never be given up. The Stewart genealogical research is still far from complete.

This great old family has produced many eminent men and women in America. In the Civil War there was on the Confederate side—in addition to General A. P. Stewart, already mentioned—that brilliant cavalry leader, General J. E. B. Stuart; there was Robert M. Stewart, Governor of Missouri in the latter 1850's, builder and President of the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad and promoter of other railroads; there were Gilbert Stuart, America's most noted portrait painter, Alexander T. Stewart, merchant, Alexander H. H. Stewart, educator, congressman, and cabinet member under President Fillmore; Admiral Charles Stewart who commanded the *Constitution* in the War

of 1812; John T. Stuart, congressman, first law partner and political adviser of Abraham Lincoln; Moses Stuart, philologist and theologian, Alvan Stewart, abolitionist leader, William Rhinelanders Stewart, the irrepressible Donald Ogden Stewart of our own day and many others.

There is—or was recently, one hesitates to say in these uncertain times that anything is—a Stewart Clan Magazine published at Beatrice, Nebraska. A more pretentious one appears in Scotland, where there are still many nobles and aristocrats who bear the family name. A genealogist calculated in 1929 that there were then more than 418,000 Stewarts in the United States. Run through the city directories and your own memory, and you will find that the descendants of this ancient stock seem to have a peculiar aptitude for being cannie and taking care of themselves. —ALVIN F. HARLOW

## ANSWER TO ARTIFICIAL LANGUAGE TEST

Gro Liteplato

Grot bokot druzisip rache chit Liteplatot. Klupe Sybothat lut platot atrapicis gro Choplatomo. Grot Sybothat kuplazonapis chit na lempel dolu. Gro dolu planz latemakz drugnot whas glanst sybotha atzo sybotha phit na lite.

Mazamis hautelb zufis na Liteplatotuehe. Memfet zufis lempeks "Liteplatot" teiz grot fueot fazahissaperis. Grot lempeks platot druzis pratzelb redi candat. Demnokz memhot zufis na lempel plato teiz nimrosurikz Relrapat. Gro demno zufas gro Liteplatot phit verikz gewet.

## FORGOTTEN MYSTERIES

*Since the beginning of human records there has been accumulating a file of "unsolved mysteries," of queer stories which the light of day could never quite dispel. Many are of course merely unverified tall tales, but there are others which, after careful investigation, remain "unsolved." Therefore, they are forgotten. From that vast, dark file are herewith presented a few cases.*

AMONG the weird collection of Oriental art assembled by the exotic writer, Pierre Loti, stood a mosque which he himself had built. And it was there, on the floor of the mosque, that he found the children's footprints. That was almost at the end, when his nerves were overcharged.

Often he was awakened by raps within the mosque. Others in his household also heard them. Courteline

visited Loti, and heard the raps.

Then one day Loti entered the mosque after the sounds had been heard. There on the floor were the marks of tiny feet. Many times Loti saw the footmarks. No children had been in the room, none could have gotten in.

In 1923 Loti died. Nobody ever concocted a reasonable explanation of the footprints of the "tiny ones."

★ ★ ★

THE tale of the man they couldn't hang has managed to maintain its place in the margin of history, but being a bit too incredible, it has a way of appearing only obscurely.

On the grey, raw morning of February 23, 1895, John Lee, convicted of murdering an old woman, climbed the scaffold at Exeter, England.

The bolt was drawn—but the trap did not drop. John Lee was told to step back, and the trap door was tested and found to work perfectly. Again John Lee took his place. And again the trap would not fall.

The trap was tested. The warden stood in the same place as John Lee;

he held on to the rope. The bolt was drawn, and the trap fell as it should. John Lee was brought from his cell, and for a second time climbed the steps no man is supposed to descend.

Twice more the bolt was drawn—and twice more the trap stood firm. The witnesses were becoming fearful of supernatural powers. The sheriff gave up. The matter was referred to the Home Secretary. It was debated in Parliament. John Lee's sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. A few years later, and for no apparent reason, he was released.

So runs the tale—only it is not a tale, but absolute, verifiable truth.

IT WAS after an aerial dog fight during the First World War that one of two British planes disappeared into a cloud. The plane was an R. E. 8, being flown by two Australians. When it did not return to the airdrome, two names were scratched off the list and a call was sent for replacements.

Hours later the plane was sighted above its home field. It came down, the motor dead, and made a perfect landing—but no one got out.

The ground crew ran up, shook the motionless pilot and observer. Both

were dead. *They had been dead for hours.* But the plane had flown on, until the gas ran out.

The story is in the British official records. The plane *might* have flown by inherent stability; it *might* have landed by good luck; it *might* have returned to its field by extraordinary coincidence. It is not an easy explanation, but it is no easier to speculate on what happened beyond that cloud. Perhaps that is why it has been easier to let the whole thing slip into the land of the forgotten.

★ ★ ★

PROFESSOR EDGAR LUCIN LARKIN of California's Mt. Lowe Observatory has always maintained that he was only testing a new telescope that day years ago when he focused it on the slope of far-off Mt. Shasta. He says that he had never heard the legend of the colony from the Lost Continent, that he was completely baffled when he saw golden-domed marble buildings among the pines, saw the trees stand out against sheets of blue light.

He soon discovered that he was not the first man to stumble on the Mystery of Shasta. People in the tiny town of Weeds, located just below Shasta, told him strange tales of white robed figures glimpsed in the twilight, figures that could not be photographed, that vanished into the dusk.

They told him, too, of the unknown force which prevented the curious from approaching too near a certain spot in almost inaccessible country

just east of Shasta. They showed him where a queer bank of fog once stopped a forest fire on a line beyond which the trees weren't even singed.

Train crews on the Shasta Limited gave details of the blue lights they had often seen. "It is the last colony from Lost Lemuria. They escaped to Shasta before their continent sank."

Professor Larkin organized an expedition to investigate. Rough country and bad weather turned it back before it reached the spot where he had seen the golden domes. There were a lot of explanations—none of which explained the facts.

Then public interest died. But in the back country of Northern California the tale remains, revived on nights when the blue glare is in the sky, or when a hunter stumbles upon some strange moss-grown ruin whose stones gleam in the failing twilight.

—R. DEWITT MILLER

**A switch in time** There has of late — and surely better late than never—been a marked decrease in the frequency with which a certain statement has been made in print, in public speech and in private conversation. The statement begins something like this: "When America is drawn into the war—"

The once mounting tide of opinion that America would inevitably be involved in the European conflict has by now ebbed into a reassuringly feeble wash of murmurs. And this reversal of popular sentiment has, in its gradual way, been the most dramatically encouraging thing that could have happened.

Expert diagnosticians, of course, will point out that we are merely commenting on a symptom. They would want to get at the causes

underlying the change of opinion. But in this instance the symptom happens to take on unusual significance. It doesn't make so much difference why we may think war is inevitable. The mere fact that we do in itself constitutes a serious danger.

It is as true of nations as it is of individuals that an impulse firmly rooted in the mind cries out for action. The hypnotist plants a suggestion and his subject can free himself from its compulsion only by yielding to it. We had not yet gone that far—but we were on the way. Perhaps we were kidding ourselves before, perhaps we are doing so today. But at least we are kidding in the right direction now.

★ ★ ★

The new issue of *Coronet* appears on the 25th of each month.

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912 and March 3, 1933, of *CORONET*, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1939, State of Illinois, County of Cook. Before me, a duly authorized notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Alfred Smart, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of *CORONET*, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, David A. Smart; Editor, Arnold Gingrich; Managing Editor, Bernard Gels; Business Manager, Alfred Smart, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, 2. That the owner is: EQUINE, INC.; Stockholders, David A. Smart, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Alfred Smart, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; W. H. Weintraub, 5210 Dorchester Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Ramsing Corporation, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Alfred R. Pastel, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Helen Mary Rowe Gingrich Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Arthur Greene, 231 S. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.; Hornblower & Weeks, 40 Wall St., New York, N.Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Alfred Smart, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of October, 1939. (REAL) Mabel R. Svoboda. (My commission expires October 9, 1940.)



# Looking Forward . . .

*Features You Won't Want to Miss in the  
February Coronet — Out January 25th*

*Good Eyes for Life* by J. C. Furnas—The author of "—And Sudden Death" has here produced an article that is perhaps less dramatic but certainly of at least equal significance. First ask yourself which one of your five senses you would least be willing to part with—and then read this article detailing the specific measures that must be adopted in order to maintain the priceless gift of vision intact.

*Starting Life Over Again* by Count Ferdinand Czernin—If you are acquainted with a refugee and want to help him out, you could hand him a check for \$100—or you can do him a greater favor and hand him this article to read. It is an exceptionally penetrating analysis of the mental readjustment the refugee must make before he can hope to be happy in America. And more than that, written by a distinguished immigrant who has himself been forced to undergo this mental readjustment, the article contains brilliant comments on "the American way" that every citizen definitely should read.

*Skidproof Your Memory* by Mark Ashley—The fabulous Addison Sims of Seattle, who could memorize an

entire telephone book verbatim, has by now become something of a stock joke. Mr. Ashley kids him none too gently but at the same time points out that there was method in his madness—that there actually is a practical system for vastly improving the quality of your memory.

*My Brother Becomes a Star* by Virginia Stewart—Have you ever wondered "how it feels" to have a movie star for a brother? This personal account, by James Stewart's sister, answers that question with refreshing frankness and charm.

*Building the Vocabulary* by Alison Aylesworth—Vocational studies prove that the bigger a man's vocabulary, the better the job he is likely to hold. This article does not argue the point—but it does tell exactly how to go about the business of improving and enlarging your vocabulary.

*The Coronet Gallery of Master Photographs* and 20 other features by Louis Zara, Alice Beal Parsons, Manuel Komroff, Robert W. Marks, Thomas Benton, Carleton Smith, Parke Cummings and others.

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